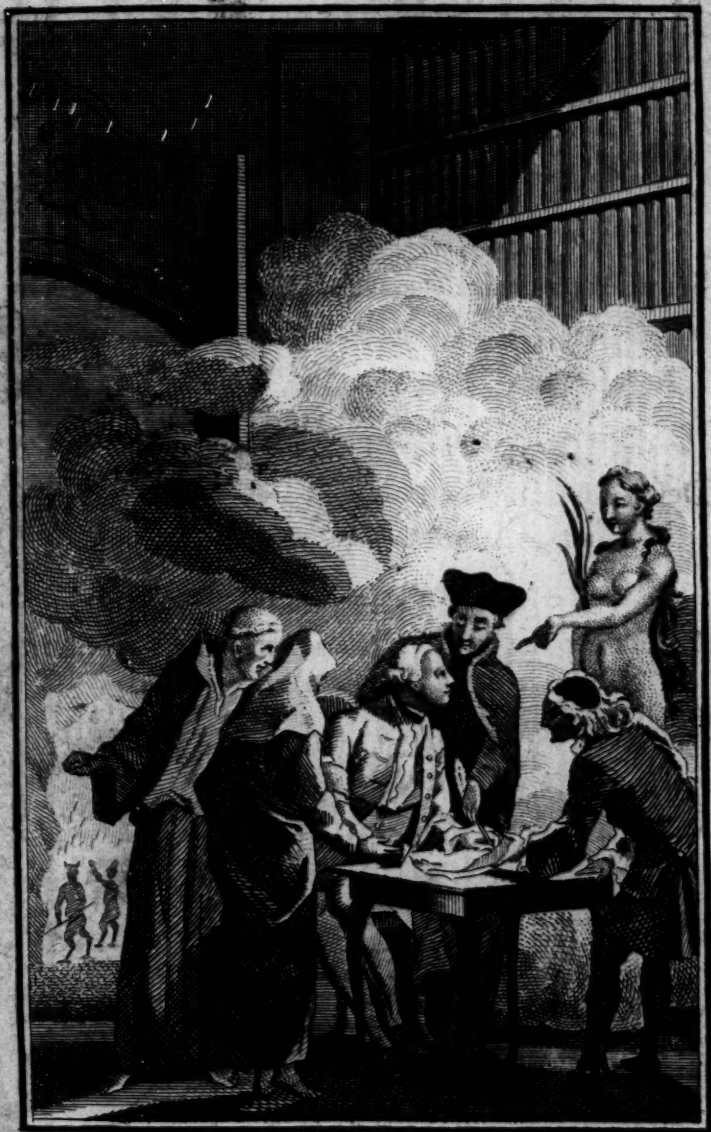
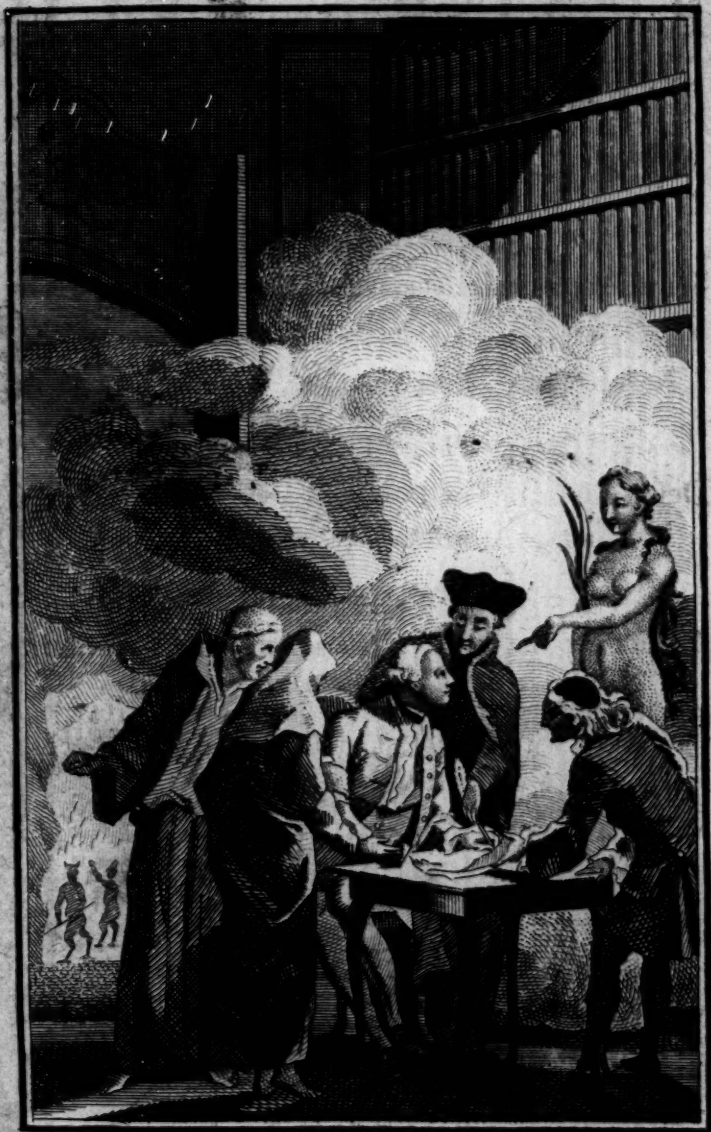


Frontispiece.



Tringham sculp.

Frontispiece.



Tringham Sculp.

h. Elog.

THE
PRAISE OF HELL:

OR, A
VIEW of the Infernal Regions.

CONTAINING
Some Account of the Advantages of that PLACE,
With respect to its

ANTIQUITY, SITUATION, and STABILITY.

Together with a
Description of its INHABITANTS; their Dresses,
Manners, Amusements, and Employments.

To which is added
A Detail of the Laws, Government, and Constitution
of HELL.

Adorned with CUTS; and Illustrated with NOTES,
Critical and Historical.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Translated from the FRENCH.

*Infernas accede domos; & AVERNA per alta
Congressus pete nate, meos.* VIRGIL.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, Successor to the late Mr. ROBINSON,
at the Golden-Lion in Ludgate-street,

MDCCLX.



T H E

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

TO a work of so extraordinary a title as that we are now ushering into the reader's acquaintance, some kind of preface might well be imagined necessary: but as a consciousness of that necessity has induced its original author to take the task upon himself, and in an introduction of some length to explain his design in the work, and his motives for undertaking it, little would be left to say in this place, with respect either to him or it, was it not

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that some trifling liberties the English translator has taken by way of alteration, seem to render it necessary for him to premise a few things by way of information to the reader, as well as apology for himself, in regard not only to the reasons of his making such alterations, but also to the knowledge of what those alterations are in themselves.

In the first place, then, the author in his own introduction, has positively declared himself not original in this work, but on the contrary, no more than the bare translator of another person's performance, the date of whose existence he seems to place at a full century precedent to that of his own writing. But as he has not thought proper to mention the name
of

P R E F A C E.

of his author, or even so much as to tell us what was the language which he wrote in, it cannot surely be looked on as an improbable or light suggestion; to consider this declaration as one of those subterfuges which the consequences of arbitrary power, and a restraint on the liberty of the press render necessary to men of wit and abilities, in order to screen them from that resentment, which vice and folly ever will exert, and honest merit still become the sacrifice to; especially when the great freedom with which the Romish clergy (probably not the most passive, or forgiving race of men on earth) are treated in it, shall be thrown into the scale. This therefore his present translator was, and still is apt to believe to be the case; yet as there are some passages

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in the course of the book which seem to confirm the truth of the author's assertion, and that in places where there needed not that air of truth to be spread over fiction, to give it a more genuine appearance; the judgment is somewhat puzzled, and it would be difficult to find out a cause for so unnecessary a punctilio in the observance of as unnecessary an asseveration. To put a stop therefore to any critical surmise which might be produced by those passages without affording either entertainment or emolument; they are entirely rejected, and the whole thrown as much into the appearance of a book of the present, as one of the last age.

Secondly. Notwithstanding the bold and ingenuous freedom wherewith our
author

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author has exposed the absurdities, and even sometimes the vices of the Romish ecclesiastics, yet there appears here and there in his manner of writing, a partiality to some of the particular tenets of that religion, which would be far from proper to introduce to readers of an opposite persuasion; for which reason, although we have not endeavoured to make him speak peculiarly as a protestant, we have avoided giving room to any of those passages by which he has distinguished himself to be a catholic; since the doctrines which his work tends to the promotion of, are equally adapted to, and necessary for, persons, of all sects, and even of all religions. Such amongst others is one, wherein, enumerating the horrid ravages
a 4 which

B R E F A C E.

which are the consequences of war, he seems to consider as one of the most dreadful, wicked, and sacrilegious, the destruction of the images of saints. This we have entirely omitted. We have also taken the liberty of removing the scene of those greedy depredations, which are but too frequently made by the soldiery, in places that are the seat of war, from a priory or abbey where he has placed it, to the house of a substantial country gentleman, whom, perhaps, we shall be more apt to compassionate under such a predicament, than the head of one of those religious houses; those seminaries, at best, of indolence and inutility; and, not impossibily, sometimes, of vice and machination. But farther than this kind of alterations,

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ration, and the omitting here and there any passage that may be merely local to the country it was wrote in, we have not presumed to meddle with either the author's principles, or the general thread of his discourse.

Thirdly. The French author has, in some places, where he has had occasion to quote from the MANTUAN bard, chosen, although there seems no apparent reason for such choice, to add to such quotations, a ludicrous and burlesque translation, from the Travestie of that poet, by Monsieur SCARRON. Had Mr. COTTON, our celebrated burlesquer of the ancients, left behind him a travestie of the sixth book of the Æneid, from which the most of these
quo-

P R E F A C E.

quotations are taken, we should have so far acquiesced with our author's humour, as to have inserted the same passages from him in the room of those from SCARRON. But as we had not that resource to fly to, and as any attempt of that kind, unless very ill judged, executed, is certainly very ill judged; the translator imagined he should do his reader, as well as his author, more justice, by collecting the English translations from Mr. PITT's Virgil; as he has in other places done with regard to OVID, from the translation of the Metamorphoses, by Dr. GARTH and others.

Lastly. As the original work is extremely interlarded with very long and heavy notes; many of them of such

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such a kind as to be of very little service to the learned reader, and at the same time very tedious, dry, and disagreeable to those who look into books for amusement only, we have in this respect somewhat lightened the translation, by entirely rejecting some of them, whose subjects were too familiar, and by curtailing the rest in such a manner, as to leave nothing remaining which does not convey somewhat either of entertainment or instruction.

Thus much was necessary to promise, that in case the ELOGE D'ENFER should fall into the hands of any of our English readers, we may not stand chargeable to them for having offered this work to their acceptance, as an absolute and complete

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plete translation of the former. But as we flatter ourselves that it will not appear essentially injured by any of the alterations we have ventured to make in it, we throw ourselves entirely on the candour of the public, and here close our apology.

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THE

INTRODUCTION.

OH wretch! oh impious, sacrilegious, diabolical atheist! Oh! to the stake, to the stake, to the stake with him! What! write a panegyric upon hell! Heavens! to what shocking lengths of libertinism are the minds of men arrived! --- What an un-heard of boldness! What horrible impiety! --- Oh! to the flames with the abandoned author and his abominable work together! --- He must be certainly some fiend escaped from the infernal
A regions,

regions, or sent on earth by his supreme master to corrupt and to seduce his reader, and break at once the only clue which now remains to keep both good and bad within the paths of virtue, and to prevent their being lost by wand'ring in the labyrinths of vice. Oh to the flames! the stake, the stake!

Hold, hold, gentlemen! for heaven's sake, allow me but a moment's hearing!--that favour never was refused the greatest criminals.

A moment's hearing! --- No : to the flames, the flames, the flames --- Thither send him with all the devils of that hell, which they will carry him to; the wretched, wicked, impious, cursed scribbler.

For heaven's sake, Gentlemen, moderate these violent emotions where-
with

with you now are agitated, and maintain with somewhat more decency the honour and dignity of your character. What ! clergymen suffer themselves to be thus transported ! ---- Transported, 'said I? --- why the rage which you express against me would justly make me tremble for my life, if I was so unhappy as to have it in your hands. --- You talk of nothing else but fire and faggots, to which your charitable piety condemns me. --- And now let me intreat you to inform me, for what is all this 'fury? --- Why, 'tis, forsooth, because my title happens not to please you: --- And yet the subject matter of my book is what has ever constituted your most extreme delights, and, by your own confession, is, and ever has been, the object of your most

serious and holy meditations. You are so full of it, and your minds are so intirely occupied with that alone, that it is, on all occasions, in your mouths, and on none so much as when you chuse to pronounce judgment on your neighbours. Whence, therefore, can arise this unaccountable resentment against me? Why, truly, had I not been well acquainted with you for a long time past, I should have been very apt, from the just astonishment which your rage would have thrown me into, to have exclaimed with the satirist (a),

Can so much gall in holy breasts reside?

(a) Boileau's *Lutrin*. Canto i.

Ah!

Ah! to the flames, more faggots,
add fresh fuel! to the stake, to the
flames! to the flames---

Well, to the flames then, --- be it so.
-- I am ready to submit to them, together with the book, which thus has kindled up your blood against me, if we deserve it. But at the least, be pleased to look a little into this affair before you put this barbarous design into execution; and, as justice and equity demand that no one should be thus condemned unheard, enquire a moment whether I am so guilty as your imagination paints me out to you.

Be not so quick appearance to believe,
For outward shews are aptest to deceive:

This book's a proof. --- Then read it but
 throughout;
 With candour read --- you'll quickly change
 your note.

As to its title, which, unquestionably, is what has rous'd you thus in arms against me, I own 'tis singular. Nay more, I own this singularity was the very thing that induced me to pitch upon it, with a view of more readily exciting the curiosity of the public, and inducing them to read a little work, which is no less opposite to the idea you have formed of it, than light is to darkness. For you yourselves will confess, when you have read it, that the subject of it is of the most interesting kind, and the manner it is treated the most likely to bring about the effect the author proposes to himself by
 it,

it, an amendment of manners. Probably you are going once more to cry out against what I am now advancing; if so, I must again intreat you to permit me a patient hearing, and then to judge whether I am to blame or not.

Morality is one of those drugs, which, by the too frequent use made of it for near six thousand years, is now grown, if not quite nauseous, at least insipid to almost every taste; yet it is a specific which mankind cannot intirely dispense with the use of. The point therefore is, to find some means of tempting them to swallow this salutary pill. But, how can this be done? --- Offer it to them with its own barefaced appearance; shew it with all its harshness and severity, as the philosophers have painted it; they nauseate

and detest its very name, nor can endure even to hear it mentioned. --- Adorn it as our ablest preachers do, with the most brilliant flowers of rhetoric, and all the effect it has upon them, is but to lay them in as sound a sleep as the most powerful opiate. --- What then is to be done in this dilemma? -- What done, ? Why nothing easier to determine. --- Employ the method skillful doctors use to make their patients take a nauseous medicine, which goes against their stomachs : -- disguise the pill a little, roll it in sugar, gild it, or wrap it up in sweetmeats, in which concealed, it readily goes down, and works its full effect. This method, men of wit and understanding have taken in all ages to make themselves of service to mankind :
conscious

conscious that moral truths plainly administered, do but disgust, or, at the best, glide gently o'er the heart, in order to bestow a relish on them, and fix them with a deeper root, some have presented them to view under the form of emblems, parables and fables ; others conveyed them in the shape of tales ; one writer has pointed them to the feeling, by the keen darts of satire ; another smoothed them to the sense by the amusing representations of comedy ; this man concealed them under the figures of allegory ; that again set them forth to broad day-light under the idea of fiction and romantic histories : whilst every one, though by so different and equally ingenious methods, has still attained the end which he proposed.

•Our

Our author also, following their example, has met with their success, by treading in a different path, but one which was considerably frequented in his time. --- Panegyrics were then the taste, as much as romances and memoirs are in our days, and they were made on every the most trifling subject. He has therefore availed himself of that taste, to point out to his contemporaries the most serious and interesting truths, and, by this ingenious artifice, has had the good fortune to give them a much higher relish than they could have received from a grave or pedantic air, --- In short, the idea of hell, attended with all the horrors of its various punishments, is a picture which has been long set up before our eyes, and which we are so accustomed to,

to, we do not chuse to take the trouble, now-a-days, so much as to look on it; especially since even the most ignorant of our churchmen, have made a constant bugbear of it to carry every point they chuse to aim at throughout the Christian world. But, by an ingenious irony, to represent it under a smiling and agreeable outside, at the first sight at least, has something in it so *nouvelle*, it cannot fail to bring about a good effect upon the human heart and mind, if it was for no other reason but the singularity of the invention.

One thing more, gentlemen, I have to say to you with regard to this work, which is to inform you, that I am only the translator of it; the author, who, as you will judge from the reading of his
book,

book, was a man of great wit and understanding, having been dead above a century. By this you will, moreover, be convinced how much you have been to blame, and how much more you would have been so, had you continued to exhaust yourselves in exclamations so vain and unavailing against a Being whom the irrevocable laws of nature, which we must, all in our turns, submit to, have put intirely out of the reach of your attacks. --- A truce to rancour then, and, instead of endeavouring, through a false zeal, to blast the memory of a man who has left us such valuable and delightful lessons, turn your admiration towards the spirit, address, vivacity, solidity of argument, and fertility of imagination, with which he has treated, in this book,

a sub-

a subject so often, and in so barren a manner handled, both before and since his time. Would you do somewhat still more to your own credit, and the advantage of others avail yourselves, with respect to your particular instruction and edification, of a work which must have cost him much more time and labour than you could employ in criticising on it, or venting against him a zealous indignation, which he, beyond all manner of doubt, must laugh at in his tomb.

But I have a better opinion of you, for which reason I exhort you to read this piece, which is, properly speaking, a picture, that bears the most perfect resemblance of human kind, such as it has been ever since its first creation. Herein you shall see, on one
side

side, all the misfortunes, follies, defects, vices, and excesses, which, at all times it has run into; for which purpose the author has caused to pass under your eyes, as it were in review, all the great persons which that human kind has ever produced; all the imagined grandeur of whom you will find yourselves obliged to confess, are reduced to the lowest pitch of real littleness. --- On the other hand, you shall here learn wherein consist true glory, solid virtue, and those real blessings, which alone can render a man truly great, truly estimable, or truly happy. In a word, you shall there behold the image of the world such as it is, and such as it has ever appeared to the eyes of the philosopher, that is to say, of every truly rational man.

If,

If, gentle reader, you have ever so little of the philosopher in your own composition, it is impossible you should avoid feeling an infinite delight in viewing a picture so agreeably, so extensively, and so spiritedly variegated.--- It would be still more impossible for you to avoid deducing therefrom the consequences which the author keeps so strongly in his view, and which so naturally follow from these pleasing and ingenious images; that is to say, the alteration and amendment of manners (a). If this then is your disposition,

(a) As this work is of such a nature to be put into the hands of all kinds of readers (for there is no one who has not an essential interest in the acquiring a fundamental knowledge of the subjects it treats on) it has appeared necessary, nay, even indispensable, to illustrate it with notes, which cannot but render the reading of it as agreeable as they make it instructive. — Moreover, as these notes turn on the most celebrated personages,

fiction, and such I am willing to believe it is, I can only add, wishing you much pleasure and entertainment in the road I have pointed out to you.

VALETE, LEGITE, ET PROFICITE.

ages, and the most curious transactions of history, as well ancient as modern, as well sacred as profane, it has been thought proper to give them a reasonable extent for the satisfaction of those readers, whom time or opportunity may not have enabled to be so well master of these subjects as the more professedly learned.

THE

THE
P R A I S E
OF
H E L L.

THE EXORDIUM.

Containing the origin of Panegyrics.

The author's intention in this work,
and his declarations in regard to it.

SINCE the time that the celebrated
ERASMUS, of learned and fatirical me-
mory (a) thought proper to compose,
by way of self-amusement, THE PRAISE
OF FOLLY, a work dictated by reason, and

B

penn'd

penn'd by eloquence, many other wits have, after the example of this great man, and treading in his footsteps, exercised their talents in works of nearly the same nature; in which they have more, or less, succeeded, in proportion to their respective abilities. Hence arose that multitude of panegyrics written on subjects seemingly so little deserving of them, that they had, on the contrary, been always looked on either as common nuisances, as detestable vices, as dreadful misfortunes, or as objects of the lowest and most contemptible kind. Zealous in their competition with each other; one gives us a panegyric on Drunkenness; another the praises of the Gut; whilst a third celebrates the virtues of a Quartan Fever; this author makes the Fly the hero of his poem (b); whilst that thinks no less honour due to his ally the Gnat (c). One sings the commendation of the Louse; another of the Flea. The merit of the Ass employs one author's pen; a second sinks into the

the

the Mud for praise. Even Poverty has had her bard to praise her, whilst one unhappy writer tormented with the Itch, has chosen to prove his patience and humility, by giving commendations even to that distemper. In short, so far has this trifling humour been carried, in which these authors have all of them displayed, in greater or less degree, their wit and erudition, that one amongst them has even written a panegyric upon Nothing. Nor did that work sell worse than any of the others, so ardent is the passion of mankind for trifles.

Fine subjects truly, perhaps you are here going to exclaim, to engage the time of persons of genius ! --- The writers you have been speaking of, must certainly have lost the little understanding they possessed when they sat down to employ themselves in such follies. I grant you, that the greatest part of them might have busied themselves in works of more utility. But then we should consider, that these little pieces are no more than the amusement of leisure hours, a re-

laxation to the mind from subjects of more weight and importance ; and besides, that it is not always found that the largest books are the most useful, the best written, or the most agreeable to read. It is, moreover, with literature, nearly the same as with the other arts, wherein a peculiarity of talents is as eminent a distinction as a peculiarity of workmanship. One artist, for instance, renders his name immortal by the construction of stately temples, magnificent palaces, lofty columns ; the raising of cloud-touching obelisks, and building immense pyramids ; another, by the forming Colossal statues, and sculptures of enormous size ; whilst others make themselves no less remembered by works of strange minuteness ; wherein they make their genius, skill, and other talents, no less conspicuous. Such, for example, was he who wrote the Iliad of Homer, in such small characters, and on a skin so thin and delicate, that the whole of that poem, containing upwards of fifteen thousand lines,

lines, could be roll'd up and enclosed in a walnut-shell (a). Such was he who had the skill to enclose within a cherry-stone, carv'd into the form of a little basket, fifteen pairs of dice, with all the proper points engraved and marked on the six sides of each. And such, lastly, are those artists of our own days, no less dexterous ; of whose workmanship we see, in ivory, tortoiseshell, silver, and all other kinds of materials, a thousand little things, whose delicacy and neatness we are justly astonished at ; such as ants and other artificial insects, and little coaches drawn with four or six horses, of such amazing smallness, that a little fly can cover them over entirely with one of his wings (b). It is not therefore, from the bulk of a work, that we ought to form a judgment of its merit ; a miniature of an inch long, or less, may be as beautiful, and even more perfect, than a picture of ten, twenty, or thirty feet high. So may a book of seven or eight leaves only, be in reality

much more entertaining, and contain much more instruction than one in seven or eight prolix volumes in folio; and this consideration it is which encourages me to hope, that the public will receive with candour, and even honour with its approbation, the work which I now present to its acceptance.

Thus assured, I now set out on an undertaking, which I believe no one before myself has ever thought proper to attempt. Whether it has been, that those who may have conceived such a design, have hitherto been dissuaded from it, from a fear of contaminating their pens in the meddling with such a subject, or from an apprehension of the violent oppositions of bigotry and prejudice, I cannot pretend to determine. But, for my own part, as I fear neither the one nor the other, I shall boldly set forwards, only protesting before-hand, in the most solemn manner, which I beg every one will take notice of, that it is not my intention,
in

in this work, to advance any thing, which is, in the least respect, contrary either to the most orthodox faith, to the rules of morality, or to the tenets of the Christian religion. I shall introduce nothing which can convey the least prejudice to the reputation or character of any person whatsoever. And lastly, I declare and protest, that in writing a panegyric on HELL, it is not my design to excite any desire in the reader to go thither, much less to accompany him in his journey; which, if he is positively determined on taking, he may very well pursue without me. My book indeed, in that case, may serve as a guide to him in that country, an honour which I am very far from envying it, being able, with the greatest sincerity, to repeat after the poet :

Parve (nec invideo) sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.

OVID. Trist. Eleg. i.

If, after a declaration thus ingenuous, candid, and sincere, any foolish and weak-minded persons (and great numbers of such

there are in the world, should take it into their heads to judge otherwise of me or my intentions, I must take the liberty to acquaint them, that I wash my hands entirely of them, and shall concern myself very little about their opinion. It is enough for me, if people of wit and understanding perceive, as they read my work, the end I have proposed in it, and, if I can be persuaded they do not wholly disapprove my labours. --- They will presently see, that I write not for the fool, the fribble, or the bigot, but for those who know, that there are many things which we often ironically commend, with a design to stir up an aversion to them, and others on the contrary, which we strongly declaim against in the same manner, only to render them more amiable; a stratagem, than which no one has been more frequently employed by men of letters, and which is often put in practice, both at the bar and in the pulpit.

As to the style which this work will be
written

written in, the reader must not expect in it the elegance, the flowery ornaments of language, which are so common with our orators in their discourses. Was I even desirous, was I even capable, of making use of them, it would be extremely difficult, not to say impossible, for me to preserve the beauty and purity of them in the cleansing the filth from this second Augean stable (a).

If it is difficult to go into a farrier's forge, a blacksmith's shop, or the work-place of any other artificer of the same kind, without daubing oneself with the smoak, dirt, or charcoal, they are ever full of, How can it be expected, that my pen should preserve, amidst the infernal gulphs which I am now going to send it through, that purity and delicacy which it possessed before it entered them? No one, I am certain, will require it of me; and yet it is, what, as far as the circumstances will permit me, I shall endeavour at. And now, having in brief laid my design before my readers, I shall proceed

proceed on the execution of it without any farther preamble.

NOTES.

(a) ERASMUS was one of the greatest geniuses, and most learned men that ever did, or perhaps ever will appear. — He was born at Rotterdam, on the 28th day of October, 1467, and died July 12, 1536, at Basle in Switzerland, where he was comptroller of the academy. — No man of learning was ever more esteemed by the several princes of Europe, who all strove which should get him into their dominions. — The Emperor Charles V, Henry VII. of England, Francis I. of France, and the successive Popes, Leo X, Adrian VI, and Paul III, strove each more than his predecessor to testify the value they had for him by the generous offers they made him: even so far, that the two last offered him an admission into the sacred college. But ERASMUS, who had no other ambition, no other passion, but for study, rejected all these gracious offers to attach himself to that alone, in which he consequently made a most surprising progress. — He had a most prodigious memory, an amazing facility in writing, and, at the same time, wrote with the utmost elegance and purity. To him it is that we are principally indebted for the re-

re-establishment of polite literature in Europe, for the best editions of the Fathers, for the taste of criticism, and for the study of antiquities. He was the first who treated theological subjects in a noble manner, freed from the sophistical reasonings, and unintelligible jargon of the schools. He with great freedom reprehended the vices of the age he lived in, more especially those of the ecclesiastics, their superstition, the hatred they maintained for all polite learning, together with the ignorance and barbarism which then ran through the schools. He wrote with equal liberty against the debauchery, ignorance, and folly of the monks. But they avenged themselves according to their usual method; that is to say, by treating him as an heretic; although perhaps the church's enemies never had a greater adversary, or a more irreconcilable opponent. But it was necessary they should vilify and render odious, if possible, the man who had set them forth so strongly painted in their proper colours; and this expedient, how ridiculous soever it may be in itself, has never failed of succeeding to those people's wishes, whenever practised on the stupid populace; and therefore ever is their leading card to play on those who happen to displease them. Nor was ERASMUS more sparing, either of them, or of the scholiasts in his *Praise of Folly*, a most ingenious work, which he composed at the house of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, to whom he dedicated it, and who was his intimate friend. All his other works,

works, which are as much sought for as they are really valuable, have passed through several editions, in nine volumes in folio. The Republic of Holland, justly proud of having this great man born amongst them, have, in order to perpetuate and do honour to his name, caused a statue in brass to be erected to him in one of the public squares of the rich and magnificent city of Rotterdam; in which, to this day, the house where he was born is still to be seen, and is preserved with all imaginable care.

(b) Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 21.

(c) The ancient historians relate the same fact of Callicrates, the Greek sculptor.

(d) Lucian has written a panegyric on this insect, which is to be found amongst his works.

(e) At the end of some of the editions of Virgil's works, there is a little poem, entitled *Culex*, or the Gnat, which is generally attributed to that great poet, but is undoubtedly the work of some far inferior author.

(f) The poets make Augeus, King of Elis, the son of Apollo. — He offered a considerable reward to Hercules, if he would cleanse out his stables, which were so full of dung, that it was looked on as an impossibility. Hercules, however, undertook the task, and executed it by turning a branch of the river Alpheus, and another of the Peneus, through the stables. When, in consequence of this exploit, the king saw himself obliged, even according to the judgment of his own son,

son, to pay him the recompense he had promised him, he, out of vexation, banished them both from his kingdom. But Hercules, in order to avenge his own cause and the prince's, engaged in a war with the king, killed him, and placed his son upon the throne.

THE

THE
P R A I S E
OF
H E L L.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

The excellence of HELL with respect
to its origin.

WHENEVER an author takes
upon him to enumerate the
praises, or even to give but
a bare description of any place, whether
a town, castle, citadel, fortress, or edi-
fice of ever so little renown, he com-
monly begins with tracing it up to its ori-
gin,

gin, from its very first foundation; nor ever fails on such occasions, to “ swell the “ note of praise” in favour of its founder: consequently, no writer ever fate down to describe the ancient city of THEBES (a) without, at the same time, making mention of AMPHION, who was supposed its founder; of BABYLON (b), without speaking with commendation of the famed SEMIRAMIS; of CARTHAGE (c), without shedding a tributary tear to the memory of the fair, but unhappy DIDO. No one could write the history of ROME without an elogium on ROMULUS, its founder; of PADUA (d), without mentioning its supposed author, ANTENOR; nor, lastly, speak of the great and beautiful city of ANVERS (e), or the strength of its fortifications, and leave unnamed the famous FERDINAND DE TOLEDO, Duke of ALBA, at whose command they were constructed by his own engineer PALOTO, the most skilful

skilful man in the science of fortification of the age he lived in.

But let the poets, the philosophers, the historians, exert, however greatly, their talent of panegyric on every thing this universe has ever yet contained, of great, of marvellous, and of renowned; yet still 'tis evident, there never was, there never will, there never can be, any one city, palace, or other edifice, how magnificent forever it is, or has been, not even excepting those to whom the pompous titles have been given of the wonders of the world, that can pretend to boast an origin so ancient, a founder so illustrious, or an architect so skilful, as are the origin, the founder and architect of HELL.

Raise to the skies, ye lovers of antiquity, vaunt as ye please the vast imagination, amazing as unbounded, the deep unfathomable knowledge, the admirable masterpieces of execution, and, in a word, the talents, scarcely credible, which ye have
heard

heard related of your most justly celebrated ARCHIMEDES (f). Boast, ye admirers of mechanic powers, the solemn promise which he made King HIERO, that if he would but give him some place in heaven, where he might fix his station, he would take upon him, by means of the machines he had invented, and these he should invent, to move the earthly globe from where it hangs, and carry it whithersoever he thought fit. Yet, not these ancient wonders, magnified as they have been by the breath of fame, passing through myriads of lips, not all the industry, genius, and invention, not all the talents of that wondrous man, were any thing when set in competition with the skill, the knowledge, and the power of him who founded HELL, or what I shall here call the empire and the palace of Lucifer; an edifice so solid, so well fortified, that all the efforts of that prince of darkness, during so many ages, to escape from this his present dwelling, and

to regain heaven, his ancient habitation; all his endeavours, arts and subtilties, have still been ineffectual to obtain his end. Neither is this palace the workmanship of men, nor was it raised even by the devils themselves; For how could men have any thing to do with it, since it subsisted long before their race was brought into existence? And for the devils, it being from the very first ordained a prison to confine them to eternity, it is not to be supposed they laboured in the building it. No, that would be indeed their gathering a set of rods to lash themselves; and 'tis well known that devils are too cunning to run into such follies.

Perhaps you will tell me, according to the opinion of PLATO, that this palace is the handywork of angelic beings, who having more understanding, and a more full extent of powers than all mankind put together, raised this edifice in the same manner

ner as that philosopher informs us, they constructed and built the universe.

To this I reply, that had this great man, on whom antiquity has bestowed the title of Divine, but read our sacred writings, he would have been very cautious of advancing such a paradox; as he would there have seen, that at the very time of the creation, there were in HELL a great number of those heavenly spirits, who were there expiating, in flames, the guilt of their rebellion against God.

What then results from all this but that HELL is the work of the one only supreme, infinitely perfect, omnipotent Being, the Creator of all things, who, according to the testimony of the greatest of prophets, has kindled there a fire, which has burnt ever since, and shall still burn when time shall be no more? Now, if the sun, the moon, and the stars; if all the constellations which glitter in the firmament; if all the elements; if heaven, and earth and sea; if

animals and insects; if even the meanest reptile on the earth, should be the object of our admiration, the subject of our praise, because they came forth from the hand of the Creator, would it not be injustice to refuse the same encomiums to HELL, since, as I have just now proved, that also is the work of God himself.

The wise son of Sirac (g), in looking at the sun, sings loudly to its praise ; but 'tis with a regard to him who had created it. He does indeed admire it, but not so much upon its own account, as for the sake of its almighty Author. He is seized with admiration at the sight of it, yet still the first great object of his sensations is him who formed this wondrous king of stars. How great is him who hath created thee ! exclaims he in a transport of amazement ; he is indeed : we own it with him. But is not he as great who first created HELL ? It would be a most unpardonable impiety not
also

also to bestow on him the praises he deserves on this account.

Another reason, which should oblige us never to speak of HELL, but with all the respect and praise which are its due, is that the works of God are not like those of men; the latter, however good, nay sometimes even excellent in some of their performances, cannot be always so in others. Even in the most perfect pieces which come out of their hands, there ever may be found some small defect or other, which makes them lose some little of their value. For instance, HOMER, the prince and oldest of the Grecian bards, however admirable his Iliad may be, yet has even in that poem some weak and heavy passages which tire the reader, and has occasioned one of the best critics that ever lived to say of him,

Nay, even sometimes, good man HOMER sleeps (h).

The great APOLLO, however skilful in

the art of painting, and although his pictures were subjects of astonishment and admiration to all who saw them, yet frequently himself discovered faults in them, which had escaped him amidst the fire of imagination, and hurry of the composition. But it is not so with any of the works of God. He is himself perfection, and therefore, cannot err, or deviate from the truth. His works are therefore far above all scrutiny, out of the reach of criticism, because they all have just so much perfection as each requires, and as his infinite wisdom has thought proper to bestow upon them. To speak then in opprobrious terms of HELL, is to do God an injury, 'tis finding fault with that which he has made: 'tis criticising on his handy-work, 'tis failing in the due respect he claims; in short, it is insulting revelation, which has borne witness in the holy scriptures, in positive and express terms, that all the works of God, (not excepting HELL, which is undoubtedly his work as truly

truly as any other.) are not only simply good, but even Very good. “And God
 “law all that he had made, (and behold it
 “was Very good (i)”.
 y himself discovered faults in them, which
 had escaped him himself. The line of magi-
 cation, and purity of the composition. But
 it is not to wish any of the works of God.

NOTES.

(a) An ancient city of Greece, founded origi-
 nally by Cadmus, the son of Agenor. Amphi-
 on, however, one of its first kings, surround-
 ed it with walls, and persuaded the people
 who dwelt in the mountains and rocky country
 round it to come and fix there, on which the poets
 have founded the fabulous history, that Amphion
 built the walls by the sounds of his lyre, which
 were so harmonious as to oblige the very stones to
 follow him, and place themselves in such a man-
 ner as to form the walls of Thebes.

(b) An ancient and magnificent city of Asia,
 founded by Nimrod, and enlarged by Belus, but
 brought to the utmost height of grandeur and
 magnificence by Semiramis, who for that reason is
 ever looked on as its foundress. There have not
 for many centuries been the least vestiges of it re-
 maining.

(c) A large and ancient city of Africa, which
 Virgil in his *Æneid* attributes the foundation of to
 Queen Dido; — after a very long and obstinate

contention with the Romans, it was at length obliged to yield, and reduced to ashes by them, and has never since been rebuilt.

(d) A city of Italy, belonging to the states of Venice, whose inhabitants say, and believe, that it was founded by Antenor, the son of Laomedon, and brother of Priam, who, they pretend, came to settle in that country, after the destruction of Troy. — There is one unquestionable fact, however, which reflects a much greater honour on them than this fabulous story, which is, that this city was the undoubted birth-place of the famous Titus Livius, the greatest of all the Roman historians.

(e) A Roman mathematician of Syracuse, and a relation of the monarch abovementioned. — His amazing skill in mechanics was evinced by an infinite number of machines which he invented, particularly those by which he lifted up into the air the ships belonging to Marcellus, the Roman general, who came to besiege Syracuse. — When the city was taken, Archimedes was so deeply engaged in some mathematical investigation, that he heard not the noise which usually attends on such events: — A common soldier, who found him busied in drawing lines, asked him his name, for Marcellus had given orders, that, in consideration of his extraordinary talents, no injury should be done to him, or any of his family; — but Archimedes's mind being full of what he was about, he desired him not to disturb him; which short answer so enraged the brute, that he killed him on the spot.

spot. — Marcellus was extremely concerned at it, and in order to console his family, and in some measure to repair the loss they had sustained, loaded them with presents, and every kind of civility in his power.

(f) Eccles. chap. 43. verses 1, 2, 3, 4.

(g) — Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.
Hor. de Arte Poetica.

(h) Genesis, chap. 1. v. 31.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

The excellence of HELL with respect
to its situation.

BUT if the origin, and first foundation of the infernal regions, should, as I have just now prov'd, render it most respectable with us, its situation ought no less to do so. In short, if we refer upon this head to all the testimonies of antiquity, as well heathen as christian, we shall find them all, with one united voice, agree, that HELL is in the middle of the world; that is to say, within the centre of this earthly globe. As a still farther corroboration of this opinion, I remember to have read of an ancient philosopher (a), who being at the point of death, with even one foot already in the grave, those who attended on him in these last moments, demanded of him where he would chuse to be interred.

“ Wherever

“Wherever you think proper,” replied he, giving them the most substantial reason for his indifference in this respect: “for, added he, wherever they may lay my body when I am dead, ’twill have no longer journey from one side, or the other of the globe, to find its way to the infernal regions:” an answer which was perfectly agreeable to truth, and founded on the surest geometrical demonstration. In short, as ’tis indisputable, that in a sphere, all lines drawn from the center to the surface must be equal, the philosopher, just setting out for the other world, and knowing that the earth was spherical, and HELL was in its centre, had certainly the greatest right to say his journey thither would be equal, on which soever side he started from, and consequently his place of burial a point of mere indifference.

Now, this is a peculiar proof of the great excellence of Hell, as we shall find that,

that, throughout the universe, all the best things are station'd in the middle.

From this consideration it has been, the ancient geographers have all remarked, that Jerusalem, that holy city, which God made his peculiar residence on earth, that famous capitol of his chosen people; the habitation of those monarchs, who had the peculiar honour to succeed himself in the government of those people (b); that great metropolis of the universe, in which its divine Saviour was to appear, to preach, and suffer death, was, as by the particular permission of the Deity, placed in the middle of the earth, that is to say, in the exterior centre, as HELL is in the interior one of this terrestrial ball. For the same reason it is, that the sun, which, next to God, is the great monarch and soul of universal nature, takes up the centre of the heavens, and forms the point round which the planets make their revolutions. It is for that reason also that happiness and virtue, and all
which

which is truly valuable in heaven or on earth, are ever to be found in the just medium, as all who have but the least tinct of true morality, both know and have declared. Lastly, if, as CALANUS (c) the philosopher said heretofore to ALEXANDER, a monarch always should reside just in the very middle of his empire ; 'tis but with equal reason that LUCIFER, who in the scriptures has been stiled, and is indeed, as we shall quickly see, the Prince and the Power of darkness, has also fixed his residence within the very centre of the earth. A situation, doubtless, very honourable, and which, exclusive of its great convenience, exalts to a great degree the glory and reputation of HELL.

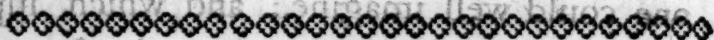
NOTES.

(a) Anaxagoras : we shall speak farther of him hereafter.

(b) Before Saul, who was the first King of Israel,

Israel, the government of that people was Theocratic, that is to say, under the immediate jurisdiction of God himself.

(c) An Indian philosopher, of whom farther notice will be taken elsewhere.



CHAPTER. III.

Of the stability and duration of HELL.

THE stability and duration of the
infernal empire, are two articles so
evident and incontestable, that I should
certainly have passed them over entirely,
had they not formerly been called in ques-
tion by a particular sect, who insisted on it,
that this monarchy is to last only for a certain
period; at the conclusion whereof, it will
be overthrown and destroyed, as those of
this world have ever been, and shall be,
successively, to the end of time. Happily
this sect itself has undergone the fate it was
so warm an advocate for, has been a long
time

time since totally eradicated, and has now
 no partisans remaining. But there has risen
 another since, which still subsists; the vo-
 taries of which are more numerous than
 one could well imagine; and which sup-
 ports still grosser errors than the former.
 These are they who wish to have power
 wholly to annihilate Hell, who even wish
 it with so much ardent zeal, that, could
 they only find a chief to head them, we
 should behold them, like a second race of
 Titans, rushing impetuously on, laying
 close siege to HELL, driving the Prince of
 Darkness from his throne, overthrowing his
 imperial palace, of which they would not
 leave one stone upon another, and burying
 himself with all his subjects, beneath the
 ruins of the mass of mountains which they
 would heap upon him. Yes, if the thing
 was feasible, we should perceive them imi-
 tating those proud sons of earth, who here-
 tofore attempted to scale heaven. But, it

is in vain for them to wish for this annihilation. The very eagerness of their desires, in this respect, gives ample demonstration, how full a conviction they have within, of its duration even to eternity. Far different from those people, who, in the innocence of pure simplicity, conceived no other fear but that the sky would drop and crush them in its fall, these, being in hourly dread, and not without just cause of falling into HELL, and therefore wish alone to find the means to crush and to destroy it. Vain, idle project! so much the more ridiculous and rash, as never empire had a firmer basis, nor was less subject to the fear of such a revolution. Let us proceed then to the examination, and prove this truth to those short-sighted infidels who can but think of calling it in question.

I have observed, in the last chapter, the difference there subsists between the works of God and those of men. The latter, bearing the resemblance of their authors, partake

partake their weakness, and, like them, perish in the end, however stable they may seem to be. ROME, for example, that proud luxurious city, which was, for many centuries, the mistress of the universe: ROME, I say, if we could believe her flatterers, should have subsisted to eternity in equal splendor. Her poets, her historians, who speak as with the authority of prophets, harp on no other string in all their writings; as even to this very day her churchmen do, the successors of those more sensible enthusiasts; and yet, in spite of all their flattering predictions, in spite of all the lullaby tales both of the one and the other, did ever any city in the world go through more revolutions? sack'd, pillag'd, and almost reduced to ashes by its enemies an hundred times; what is it now but a mere skeleton, a mass of ruins, scarce to be called the shadow of what it has been? and its extended empire, which, as some authors still pretend to say, will last for ever; What is it now reduced to?

Next **BABYLON**, that mighty city, whose walls alone took a whole year to raise, although three hundred thousand labourers a day were regularly employed about it; **BABYLON**, which, on account of its magnificence, was filed the Wonder of the World; and, for the embellishment of which **SEMIRAMIS** laid out such wondrous treasures: **BABYLON**, whose haughty towers seemed of a strength to baffle men, the all-devouring hand of time, and even the gods themselves, with all their power, to bring it to destruction: yet, even **BABYLON**, this miracle of human efforts, is now so perfectly destroyed from off the earth, that, for many ages past, not the least footstep of itself, or its inhabitants, have been discoverable.

EGYPT, that land so fertile heretofore in miracles of nature and art, and so long famed for both; where are her temples now, her pyramids, and many other things, the objects, heretofore, of wondering curi-

fity?

city? What are become of all those monuments so famed in history? Some ruins here and there indeed remain, scattered through dreary wastes, midst seas of sand, the little remnant of these wondrous edifices almost, at least the better half, buried therein, and waiting but for time, which ruins all things, to be entirely swallowed up, as all the rest have been.

Nor have even empires the most flourishing, and seemingly established on the surest basis, been able to escape these unavoidable vicissitudes. Not to mention the four great and renowned monarchies which ruined and succeeded one another; that is to say, the Assyrian, which was abolished by the Persians, the Persians by the Greeks, and those again by the Romans. To take no farther notice of the last, which having swallowed up the rest, was also in its turn destroyed, how many kingdoms and republics have vanished from the earth? Whence spring these revolutions? Whence

arise these changes ? Why, from the instability, inconstancy, weakness and frailty inseparable from every human institution.

It is pretty near the same with the works of those superior intelligences, as well good as bad, to whom we have given the name of angels : for, although infinitely more perfect than those of men, yet they all undergo like revolutions. Would you have proof of this assertion, look only in the legends of our saints, where you shall find these beings, employed, like fairies, in building with a glance, towns, castles, and pompous palaces, which vanish with an equal expedition : examine, for example, that of good St. WULFRAN; where you shall read, that the devil, wanting to seduce that saint, and tempt him to re-assume the worship of his false gods which he had quitted, caused him to see a paradise glittering with gold and gems, which he had in an instant raised, and which he told him

him should be the habitation after death of those who worshipped idols. The saint, enchanted with this gorgeous sight, began to stagger in his faith, till, having a little reflected on what the devil had told him, and beginning to have some distrust of the seducer, he was resolved to put it to the proof; which he did, by saying these words, " If, said he, this palace you now shew me is, in reality, the work of God, let it remain; but, if it is the operation of the devil, let it fall to pieces." The saint had no sooner finished the speaking these words, as the same legend assures us, than the magnificent paradise he had seen, vanished as suddenly as our theatric decorations do before the prompter's whistle. And why? for this plain reason, because it was not the work of God. Now HELL, being, as we have demonstrated, the workmanship of the Creator, we must conclude with good St. WULFRAN, that it will subsist to all eternity.

Let us go farther still, and prove, that it is almost, if not quite, the only work of God himself, which shall possess this glorious privilege. Nor can any thing be easier than this demonstration. Here then accept it.

The heavens, which are the master-piece of divine omnipotence and greatness; the heavens, I say, which, from their admirable harmony, and the amazing regularity of their motions, which in so many centuries has never varied from a single moment, had given cause, nay, certainty of belief, that their duration had been, and should be, everlasting. From the philosophers, this opinion descended to the poets, and all the other writers of renown, who, ever, when they speak about the stars, give them the name of the eternal fires. For near three thousand years, the world believed this on their own words, and we ourselves should to this hour have held the same opinion, had not Incarnate Truth, which could not be imposed on, or impose,

impose, relieved us from this error. 'Tis from his sacred mouth, that we have learnt, that not the earth alone, which has subsisted for so many ages in the condition God created it, and shall perhaps subsist a thousand thousand years, shall be at length destroyed, but that the heavens themselves, that admirable master-work of endless and unbounded power, shall also pass away and be no more. 'Tis HELL alone which shall subsist as long as his own justice; that is to say, for ever, and whose flame, as he himself assures us, shall never be extinguished. These are the only FIRES which can be truly called ETERNAL. Those of the stars, that of the sun himself, which lighten, and which warm the earth, and give her her fertility, shall in the end be quenched; but these shall blaze through an eternity of ages, without any thing being able to extinguish them, or even to abate their violence. But let us now have done with this, and proceed to the other advantages and

and prerogatives which HELL enjoys, and which are no small number.



CHAP. IV.

The Excellence of HELL, from its easiness of access.

ALL the geographers, as well ancient as modern, have very judiciously observed, that the most agreeable, the most flourishing, the best peopled, and the richest countries, and consequently those whose inhabitants are the happiest, are those which have the greatest number of ports. The reason of this is plain. Since, by that means, they can, and do, import into it from every other country what can produce abundance, and promote commerce, increase the number of inhabitants, and, by a necessary consequence, cause the riches,

not

not only of the subjects of the country, but of the sovereign under whom they live.

Now, it is one of the greatest advantages of HELL, that its commodious situation has rendered it accessible, in all ages, in all manners, and at all times, to the inhabitants of all the nations of the universe. Nay, I will even say a bolder word; and venture to declare, that, in this one article, HELL has infinitely the advantage of heaven itself.

In short, if the last-mentioned place is the seat of bliss; it has, at the same time, this very great inconvenience, that there is no coming at it, but with great pains and infinite labour. The road which leads to it is equally difficult and perilous; extremely narrow, every where thick-set with thorns and briars, and surrounded on all sides with rocks and precipices, dreadful and almost inevitable; and the path itself, so steep and slippery, that we frequently see happen to those who walk in it, even
with

with the greatest resolution, that which is daily the fate of soldiers in the assault of a place, which they expect to take by storm. They plant their ladders up against the walls, which with the utmost difficulty they climb. Already have a hand, a foot upon the rampart; nay, think themselves the masters of the place, and, in idea, see every thing resigned to their direction; when, in the very instant that they think their fortunes made, one fatal stroke dislodges them from the ladder and the rampart, and hurls them headlong down into the ditch, where in the stead of that victory they thought themselves already sure of, they meet the death they had not the least thought of, or, at the best, disgrace instead of glory. How many devotees have we not, in like manner seen, who after having, in this world, endured a thousand voluntary hardships, borne crosses and scapularies numberless, said over thousands of Pater-Nosters, and Ave-Marias, fasted

for

for hundreds of Advents, Lents, Vigils, and Ember-weeks, and given themselves some millions of disciplines, thinking thereby to purchase paradise, wherein they even thought they had one foot already; how many, I say, have we not seen of these, who, in this flattering assurance were ready, like so many Cæsars, to cry out, "Veni, vidi, vici," yet happening unfortunately to make one false step, instead of that heaven, to which they thought they were already come, have tumbled headlong to the deep abyss of HELL, where doubtless they imagined they should never go.

Nothing like this to fear as to the infernal regions: the paths, which lead to them are open roads, wide, spacious, and convenient; plain, beaten tracts; wherein, however great the crowd that travels, there is no fear of pushing, of jostling, of stumbling, or of falling. Here you may come and go at every hour, and at every season, and that in full security. You meet no
bailiff

bailiff there to seize your person; no spy to
 watch your actions; no turnpike to im-
 pede your passage: no bully to disturb
 your quiet; no robber to make you trem-
 ble for your purse, and still less for your
 life. You, on the contrary, will find there
 none but civil, well-bred people, who come
 most graciously to meet, salute, and to
 embrace you kindly, and offer generously
 to take the road with you, for fear you
 should be weary. When you get to your
 journey's end, you there find others, who
 wish you joy on your arrival, graciously
 reach their hands to you in sign of friend-
 ship, and even take the pains to lead and
 introduce you into that quarter of **HELL**
 you are to lodge in.

Suspect not, gentle reader, that I am en-
 deavouring to impose on you by the pic-
 ture I have been drawing. The fact is so
 undoubted, that, long before my time, He
 who is Truth himself, marked out the con-
 trast to his own disciples in these words,

“ Enter

" Enter ye in at the straight gate, says he:
 " for wide is the gate and broad is the way
 " that leadeth to destruction, and many
 " there be which go in thereat; but straight
 " is the gate, and narrow is the way that
 " leadeth unto life, and few there be that
 " find it (a)." In short, there are thou-
 sands who travel there at every hour and
 every minute, some in coaches and six, o-
 thers in chariots, some in post-chaifes, some
 in phaetons, some in waggons, some in
 litters, some in sedans, some on foot, some
 on horse-back, some on asses, some on
 mules, some on camels, some on drome-
 daries, and some on elephants. And all
 these joyous travellers pursue their journey
 most agreeably, laughing, singing, dancing,
 eating, drinking, sporting, and rejoicing;
 some with their friends, some with their rela-
 tions, some with their wives and children,
 some with their whores and bastards. Every
 one, in short, makes the best of his way
 in mirth, and in the midst of junketting
 and pleasure. Now, tell me, I beseech
 you,

you, where is the man, who is not at least some misanthrope, some enemy to himself; that would make a moment's doubt as to the choice of these two roads, so different from each other?

Would you pretend to go to heaven? You must for that be continually at prayers, perpetually upon your guard, in the incessant practice of mortification, renounce all pleasures of this world, subdue your flesh by penitence and fasting. You must be at continual warfare with your desires, reduce your body, and even your mind, to the greatest degree of humility: endure all kinds of sufferings, not only without the least murmuring or complaint, but even with delight. You must be rigid; nay, even cruel to yourself, so far as to cut off a leg or arm if needful, or pluck out your eyes, the tenderest, most delicate and precious part of the whole human frame. Nay, even after you have done all this, you are no nearer than if you had done nothing; since one moment, nay,

ay, a simple second of self-love, may make you lose the fruit of all your labours. You must, moreover, be incessantly imploring the mercy of God to grant you that portion in heaven which you aspire to, which all your labours of themselves could never merit, and which his grace and goodness only can procure you.

Now, are you, on the other hand, desirous of going into Hell? You have no need of all this trouble to get thither. You will arrive there by a much shorter road; a road as pleasant and alluring as the other is disagreeable and frightful; a road, in short, strewed all the way with roses and with lillies. Dissipation, pleasure, gallantry, frequent and unbounded intercourse with women, gaming, drinking, revelling, debauchery, cards, dice, a resort to taverns, eating houses and brothels, and many other such like things: these are the paths which will lead you quickly to it; paths which are far from difficult to find, and easier still to keep.

keep in. Then, as to the actions which must procure you a place there, these will cost you very little trouble to perform. Idleness, contempt of parents, enmity, hatred, thirst of revenge, lying, wrath, murder, theft, rapine, imprecations, blasphemy, sacrilege, pride, gluttony, avarice, ambition, envy, luxury, and vanity; in a word, all the vices, and all the passions which can please you; these are the only things you have occasion for, and, when equipped with them, you need no other passport to be received with open arms in LUCIFER's dominions, and to be honoured with the privilege of a free citizen of HELL.

But what occasion was there for my having even said thus much? It is far from being necessary for this purpose that you should have performed All the exploits, or possessed All the vices I have been mentioning. No; Lord LUCIFER is too good, too reasonable, too indulgent a prince, to require them all at your hands. Any one
of

of them, singly, is sufficient to procure you a place with him. Debauch an innocent girl; nay, only ogle her with wanton eyes, covet her but for the gratification of unlawful wishes; seduce another man's wife to adultery with you. Drown your own reason only in the spacious goblet; pursue resentment against your enemy; call him out suddenly to single combat; kill him without remorse for some wry word, some trifle which has been told to you in malice of him, and which the teller has taken pleasure to exaggerate. Speak but one single idle word yourself; (and that is the greatest pleasure which numbers in this world enjoy.) I say, do only one of all these things, and you shall quickly find your name enregistered in the large muster-roll of HELL's militia. Nay, more, even a wicked thought, if you have taken pleasure in indulging it, although unattended with consequences, will be admitted as sufficient to qualify you for a candidate in the infernal

regions. In short, to speak in three words every thing that is necessary, not only to bring you thither, but also to insure you the most favourable reception there, the only requisites may be included in this one maxim, EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY. And what in the world can be easier, more natural, or more agreeable to execute than this?

But to confirm these precepts by example, and prove to you the injustice and solidity of those I have here laid down, I shall go no farther than to the bad rich man whose parabolic history is related in our holy scriptures. He was not a man addicted to many vices, much less a wicked wretch guilty of every kind of crime. So far from it, that the scripture does not accuse him of any. All that he is there charged with, is only an inattention for the misery of Lazarus: And are the rich absolutely obliged to have compassion on the poor, or indeed to remember, that there

there are any such existing in the world? He was only one of those rich men, who, as many of his followers do now-a-days, lived amidst delicacies, in luxury, and in the full enjoyment of all those honest pleasures, which their opulence and plenty enable them to take; and yet this rich man, without being put to the least trouble about it; without undergoing the least fatigue to obtain it; nay, without even bestowing the least thought upon it, found himself, one fine morning, or starlight night, (for the history does not inform us which it was) transported, as in a dream, to one of the most distinguished quarters of HELL. From whence we may reasonably conclude, that there is no journey can be made with greater expedition, nor which requires less expence than this.

C H A P. V.

The great eagerness and ardent desire which all mankind express to go to HELL.

TO what I have already said of this journey, I must add, that there is no one which is undertaken with greater pleasure; in proof of which we need only take notice of the very great eagerness, which mankind in general, and every individual in particular, express for the going thither. We may even say, that all their wishes, all their desires tend to no other point, that it is their Summum Bonum: for if, according to Aristotle, the Summum Bonum is that which a man in this world does every thing to acquire, it necessarily follows, with respect to mankind in general, their Summum Bonum must be HELL, since all their wishes, all their

their thoughts and actions have no other motive, no other aim, but to arrive at last at this so wished for habitation. Nay, more, we even see in history, that great souls, impatient of delay to this their happiness, have not even waited for the hand of death to come at its own time, to separate them from the body, but rather chose, by giving themselves the voluntary stroke, to hasten on this parting, that they might come the sooner to the realms below.

We read this to have been the case with SAUL, the first of all the kings of Israel, so often honoured in the scriptures with the glorious title of the Lord's Anointed. We also read the same of that apostle in whom our Lord and Saviour placed so great a confidence, as to intrust him with the management and possession of his purse. The same has history handed down to us of PONTIUS PILATE (a). We also know, that this was frequently the practice amongst the demi-gods and heroes, and the great

men recorded in prophane and ancient history. So did the famous HERCULES (b), AJAX (c), THEMISTOCLES (d), and HANNIBAL (e); so MITHRIDATES (f), MARIUS (g), BRUTUS and CASSIUS (h); so CATO (i), NERO (k), and a long roll of others.

Nor was there less of the same ardour shewn in this great cause of gaining a quick passage down to HELL, amongst the poets and philosophers, and all other learned men. Witness great ARISTOTLE (l), CALANUS (m), CLEOMBROTES (n), and EMPEDOCLES (o), ARISTARCHUS (p), LUCRETIUS (q), and CORNELIUS GALLUS (r), and in still nearer times the famed SPEIRA (s). Nay, so natural is an impetuosity on this head to noble minds, that without giving ourselves the trouble of searching backwards into the annals of scientific, or heroic history, we need go no farther than to the many instances we daily see of it amongst the inhabitants of our own nation;

a na-

a nation which esteems itself, and is esteemed by others, the wisest, bravest, and most philosophical of all the nations in the world, who cut their throats, blow out their brains, take a fair swing in their own garters, or plunge into a river, or a fish pond, and all this in cool blood, with all the calm deliberation possible; nay, sometimes in a *Gaieté du Cœur*. And whence can this proceed? Why, from a lively ardour, a violent desire they possess of going quickly into HELL, whither they think they cannot soon enough arrive, even with all the haste that they can make, or pains they can bestow.

Nor have even women been deficient in shewing this desire; unwilling in this point, as well as in many others, to be outdone, or yield the prize to men. Witness the charming and illustrious Dido (t), the unfortunate JOCASTA (u), the chaste LUCRETIA, the fair and gallant CLEOPATRA (x), the tender and faithful POR-

TIA (y), the admirable and heroic AR-
 RIA (z), and an infinity of others. And
 witness also the daily practice still in India, of
 almost all the women of that country, who,
 when their husbands die, unwilling to sur-
 vive their dearest partners, throw themselves
 living on their funeral pile, thus hastening
 to rejoin them in that HELL, where they,
 without dispute, possess those most distin-
 guished apartments, which their unac-
 countable fidelity so well has merited (a).

NOTES.

(a) The great cruelties which this well known
 governor of Judea exercised after the death of our
 Saviour, against the Samaritans, almost all of
 whom he caused to be put to the sword, was the
 occasion of his being recalled and sent into ban-
 ishment, where it is reported that he killed him-
 self two years afterwards out of absolute despair.

(b) He was the son of Jupiter and Alcmene, re-
 markable for his amazing labour, and no less so for
 his weakness with respect to women, who, in the
 end, proved the cause of his death; for Dejanira, one
 of

of his wives, becoming jealous of his love for Iole, whom he had carried away into the island of Euboea, sent him a shirt dipped in the blood of Nessus the centaur, by which means she was in hopes to recover her husband's lost affection. — But no sooner had Hercules put it on his back, than he became enflamed with so violent a rage, as nothing could appease but his throwing himself on a pile of wood, to which he set fire with his own hands.

(c) The son of Telamon; — he was, next to Achilles, the most valiant of all the Grecian chiefs who were at the siege of Troy. — After that hero's death, Ulysses and he disputed for his armour; which being adjudged to the former, Ajax fell into such a madness of passion, that, Quixote-like, he fell on all the herds belonging to the camp, and made a dreadful slaughter amongst them, fancying he was sacrificing Ulysses and the other Grecian princes to his resentment: but coming to himself the next day, he was so ashamed of his folly, that he threw himself on his own sword.

(d) A famous Athenian general, celebrated for a great number of noble actions, the sole reward of which was ingratitude, a vice but too common in republics. — Some of his enemies, jealous of the glory he had acquired, accused him of aspiring to sovereign power, on which the Athenians banished him for ten years. — Thus distressed, he was forced to seek refuge even in the court of Xerxes himself, who, notwithstanding the successful and vigorous opposition this general had made to his arms, gave him a most generous reception, in hopes

hopes that from a just resentment against his ungrateful country, Themistocles would have assisted him in a new expedition which he meditated against Greece: but that great man, perceiving his design, chose rather to end his life by poison than prove deficient in his duty.

(e) General of the Carthagenians, who, during his whole life, maintained a war against the Romans, whom he reduced very near to their last stake in the noted battle of Cannæ, wherein he made a dreadful havock amongst them. But proving less fortunate in his subsequent engagements with them, he retired to the court of Prussia, King of Bythinia, whom he was in hopes to have engaged in a joint war against them; but having learned that this pusillanimous prince, instead of yielding to this project, was in treaty with his enemies to deliver him up to them, he poisoned himself to avoid the falling into their hands.

(f) King of Pontus, the third of that name. His whole reign, which was sixty years, was almost one continued scene of war. He was for the most part successful, even in his wars with the Romans, but was at last overcome by Pompey.—Hearing that Pharnaces, one of his sons, was declared king in his room, he stabbed himself in despair, after having in vain tried poison, which he had so accustomed himself to, that it proved entirely ineffectual. That admirable counterpoison which, from him we still call by the name of Mithridate, was originally his invention.

(g) Caius Marius, the younger, so called, to dis-

distinguish him from the great Marius, who was his father, at twenty-five years of age, usurped the consulate, and openly opposed Sylla, by whom, being besieged in Prunesta, which he was neither able to defend, nor fly from, he slew himself in despair.

(h) Two of the principal conspirators in the assassination of Julius Cæsar. On the losing the famous battle of Philippi, they both slew themselves, that they might not fall into the hands of Augustus.

(i) Surnamed of Utica, from his dying at that place. He was one of the greatest patriots, and one of the greatest men of Rome. On the news being brought him that Cæsar had won the battle of Pharsalia, unwilling to survive the freedom of his country, whose miseries he very plainly foresaw, he retired to Utica, where he fell on his own sword.

(k) Domitius Nero; at eighteen years of age he succeeded to the empire of Rome, which he governed for the first five years extremely well; after which, yielding to the advice of sycophants and flatterers, he became the greatest monster in nature. He caused his brother Britannicus, his mother Agrippa, his wife Poppæa, and Seneca the philosopher, who had been his tutor, all to be put to death. Out of wantonness alone, he with his own hands set fire to the city of Rome, and afterwards threw the guilt of it on the Christians, whom he from thence took occasion to destroy with fire and sword. As his crimes and exorbitant excesses had

had rendered him detestable to all mankind, his own soldiery revolted against him, determining to rid the world of such a nuisance. Whilst they were searching for him with this intention, seeing himself abandoned by every one, and on the point of being taken, he put an end to his own life, not being then above thirty-two years of age.

(l) The Greek philosopher, and chief of the Peripatetics. His philosophy having been read and taught in the schools for so many ages past, we need say nothing more of him on that head. Being accused by a priest of Ceres at Athens, of impiety, he retired to Chalcis, where he chose rather to poison himself, than to fall into the hands of his antagonists, who demanded him back in order to stand his trial.

(m) An Indian philosopher, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great, and followed those princes during all the conquests he made in that country. Having lived, as it is said, to the age of eighty-three years, without having been ever troubled with any kind of illness, he was at length tormented with a violent fit of the cholic, which, rather than undergo the torments of, he chose to put himself to death. He therefore intreated the king to cause a funeral pile to be prepared for him, and set on fire when he was on it. Alexander would fain have dissuaded him from his design, but finding him resolute, out of the regard he entertained for this philosopher, (whom he rather ought to have looked on as a fool)

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he determined to honour his death with all the pomp of funeral rites : for which purpose he commanded his army to be drawn up in order of battle, and perfumes of all the richest kinds to be strewed on the pile, to which Calanus ordered himself to be brought, arrayed in the most magnificent habits. He then lay down on it, and when the fire took hold of it, continued in the same situation without shewing the least signs of pain. It is added, that when he was asked if he had any thing to say to Alexander, who did not choose to be present at this very extraordinary sacrifice, he replied, No ; that he had nothing to say to him then, as he expected soon to see him again in Babylon ; words which were afterwards looked on as prophetic of the death of that conqueror, who actually lost his life about three years after in the very city he had mentioned.

(n) A philosopher of the sect of the Academicians, who having read Plato on the immortality of the soul, plunged into the sea. X

(o) He was a native of Agrigentum in Sicily, and having studied philosophy under one of the disciples of Pythagoras, consequently believed in Transmigration, to convince others of which, he pretended to remember extremely well his having been in his pre-existent state, a woman, a bird, a fish, and even a plant. He was at once a philosopher, poet, orator, and historian, and so great a lover of liberty, that Aristotle tells us he even refused royalty when offered to himself. As to his death, he is reported to have plunged himself
into

into one of the burning openings of mount *Ætna*; in order, it is thought, that from this sudden disappearance, it should be imagined, he had been taken up to heaven.

(p) A celebrated grammarian, born in *Samothracia*, peculiarly attached to the study of criticism, and a great favourite of *Ptolemy Philometor*, who trusted the education of his son to him. He died in the isle of *Cyprus*, aged 72 years: for becoming dropsical, he would make use of no remedy for that disorder, but that of starving himself to death.

(q) *Titus Lucretius Carus*, of a noble and ancient family at *Rome*. He went to *Athens* to study the philosophy of *Epicurus*, to which he attached himself, and which he has given the world in his poem *de Rerum Natura*. He fell into a frenzy, occasioned by a love philtre given him by his wife; during his lucid intervals it was, that for his amusement, he composed the said poem, and in one of the fits of it, he put himself to death, in about the 42d or 43d year.

(r) The Roman knight and poet.—He was highly esteemed by the emperor *Augustus*, who appointed him governor of *Egypt*; but being recalled, and sent into banishment, he fell into such a violent despair, that he killed himself.

(s) *Francis Speira*, a very good civilian and advocate of *Citadilla* in the territory of *Padua*.—He lived in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and embraced the tenets of the reformers with all that zeal and ardour, which the love of novelty

commonly inspires : but having afterwards been urged by the re-iterated persuasions of his friends and relations, with a view to his temporal interests, to retract those tenets, he fell suddenly ill both in mind and body ; and his despair rose to so great an height, that he refused to take any nourishment, nay, even threw back what he had been made to take by force. Thus he died, midst all the horrors of starving, after having suffered, in mind, torments still more dreadful.

(t) She was wife to Sycheus, who was murdered by her brother Pygmalion, for the sake of his immense riches. Dido, in order to free herself from the tyranny of this avaricious and inhuman brother, fled to Africa, where she built the city of Carthage. Hyerbus, King of Getulia, having demanded her in marriage, and threatened to make war on the Carthaginians in case of her refusal, she seemingly acquiesced with his proposal, asking only three months to prepare herself for the match : during which time, she caused a pile to be erected, when, after having sacrificed victims on it to appease the Manes of her first husband before she could wed a second, she threw herself upon it, and, in the presence of the people, plunged a poignard in her heart.

(u) She was daughter of Creon, King of Thebes, wife to Laius, and mother of Œdipus, whom she afterwards married without knowing him ; and by whom she had two sons, who after their father's death, went to war for the possession of his throne, and slew each other. — This, added

ded to Jocasta's other misfortunes, threw her into so violent a despair, that she slew herself.

(x) The Queen of Egypt, as celebrated for her wit and talents, as for her beauty and gallantry. She was, first, mistress to Julius Cæsar, and, after his death, gained the heart of Mark Antony, who, for her sake, parted with his wife Octavia, the sister of Augustus. This divorce gave a fair pretext to Augustus, who was desirous of getting the empire, which was now divided between them, solely into his own hands, to make war with Antony; in which the latter being defeated, she might probably have made another conquest of the heart of Augustus, had not her apprehension of being carried to Rome to grace that prince's triumph, induced her to hasten her death, by causing herself to be stung with an Aspic.

(y) The daughter of Cato of Utica, and wife of Brutus. Hearing that her husband was defeated and killed, she determined not to survive him. Her friends, suspecting her design, deprived her of all kinds of weapons, wherewith they thought she could put it in execution: but, baffling all their care, she had the resolution to swallow burning coals in their presence, thus sacrificing herself to her conjugal affection, by a death as cruel as extraordinary.

(z) The wife of Pætus; who, having taken the part of Seribonianus, in raising an insurrection against the Emperor Claudius in Illyria, and, being defeated, was brought prisoner to Rome; when his wife, not being able, by all her intercessions, to save him from an ignominious death,

death, excited him to avoid it, by putting an end to his life himself; to encourage him to which she nobly set him the example, by plunging a dagger in her own breast, assuring him when she drew it out, and presented it to him for the same purpose, that it was by no means painful, all her tears being for that he was going to receive. — Martial has elegantly related the fact, in that well-known epigram of his first book.

*Casto suo gladium quum traderet Aria Pæto,
Quem de visceribus traxerit ipsa suis:
Si quid fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.*

(a) A custom established all over the court of Malabar, and in many parts of Asia; and which is not only authorized by the laws of the country, but declared by the Bramins to be an indispensable duty of religion, and which they cannot break without mortally offending their deities. But this is not the only point which may justly induce us to exclaim,

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum?

C H A P. IV.

By whom the apartments of the first rank in HELL are occupied.

NOTWITHSTANDING what we mentioned at the close of the last chapter, with respect to the first apartments in these regions being appointed to the ladies, yet we are assured, from very good hands, that this honourable distinction is disputed with them by a set of men, who are always absolutely determined to rule the roost in every place they come to, and keep the upper hand of whatever company they meet with in it (a) : for which reason, that we may not excite the indignation of these gentlemen against us in this place, we shall not hesitate a moment to give them the preference, leaving to the ladies themselves the care of maintaining

(a) The monks.

their

their own right of precedence. These honourable and overbearing personages are no other than our respectable prelates and churchmen. People who have ever been accustomed to assume and maintain the first places in this world ; Why then should they not be allowed the same privileges in HELL? Would it not be the highest injustice to refuse it to them, when we reflect but ever so little upon their conduct in this world ?

In short, What do they not contrive, what do they not attempt, what do they not execute, that can entitle them to this great reward? Do not some of them seem to have taken on themselves the task of overthrowing all the great fabrics of religion and morality, in those enormous volumes which they employ their lives in the composing? And wherefore? Doubtless, in hopes to acquire the most distinguished places in the infernal realms. Do not others, whom their ambition, their factions, their cabals, their political principles, and

sometimes even the very worst of crimes, have placed near to the ears and hearts of kings and princes, or of their children, under the specious notion of giving the latter instruction, and training up their minds to virtue, or of assisting the former with their salutary counsels: Do they not, I say, instead of this, drag them down to HELL with them, by teaching them to falsify their promises; to oppress their subjects; to violate and break through the most solemn treaties, to stir up needless wars, and persecute religion in those who profess it in its truest purity? And what is all this for? only to have the honour of their company, and be the means of keeping close to them, to gain and to preserve the most respected rank in HELL: True PROTEUSES on earth, you see them taking every kind of form, and acting every kind of character that may promote their interests. In armies, they are soldiers; in trading cities, merchants; students in colleges and in academies;

mies; gentlemen at court, and peasants in the country: they even become women to men, as they are truly men to women. In short, they stick at nothing to render them deserving of a distinction at the court of

LUCIFER.

Then, whilst they take these steps, and undergo these labours, to qualify themselves for a just claim to the infernal precedence, their novices in their cloisters take infinitely more for the same purpose during their noviciate: for this, some tear their flesh to pieces, with dreadful lashes of their disciplines: some gird themselves with ropes, like mules or asses: this wraps himself in hair-cloth, whilst that goes always barefoot: one lies on the hard ground; another fasts from food: others again fatigue themselves by vigils, as extraordinary as they are superfluous; by long and tedious fasts, by genu-flexions numberless; by wearisome long-winded prayers, which they are ever muttering day and night: another

kind abstain from female intercourse; or, if at least, they do at any time indulge the gentler passions, it is by stealth, and with the utmost secrecy, not to disgrace their order. Now tell me, pray, what can be their intention in all this? To purchase HELL; yes, I repeat again, to purchase HELL; for, as not any of these things are necessary, or have been commanded by religion to purchase heaven, it is therefore evident it must be the opposite motive, by which they are induced to undertake, and to endure these miseries, with a degree of courage which borders very close on heroism.

And that you may not think, that prejudice, ill-nature, an itch for calumny, or any private pique I have against this set of people, have urged me to speak thus, I shall here introduce to your acquaintance in the same class, our other venerable churchmen, of whom the greatest part are little better; those young foppish parsons,

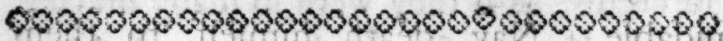
true,

true actors of a part, who, spruce in powder'd wig, and band clear-starch'd, with golden snuff-box in their hands, and the rich brilliant glittering on their fingers, cry out with most declamatory vehemence from the pulpit against the luxury and vanities of the world; who, with lascivious eyes, traversing every beauty in their audience, rail loudly against gallantry: and, whilst the very Burgundy is sparkling in their eyes, and glowing in their cheeks, and the plump sleekness of their persons bespeaks them like Eli's sons, fed with the fat of every offering, take on them to inspire their hearers with the love of abstinence, and rend their very lungs to prove its indispensable necessity. Such also are those other clamourers, who make the seat of truth the theatre of their peculiar animosities; who preach up charity to others, whilst they themselves roar out unmercifully, even to hoarseness, against their brethren of the cloth, whom, taking an aversion to from motives of ambition, or

of interest; they vain would make their
 hearers hate as much as they themselves
 do. In that same class, behold those
 pamper'd bishops, whose most insatiate
 avarice has begg'd their prince with mean
 servilities, with flatteries and importuni-
 ties, day after day, till they at length
 have seiz'd him out of preferments, equal
 even to the satisfaction of their utmost lux-
 ury and covetousness; yet do these pastors,
 instead of laying down their lives for their
 flocks, according to the precept, and even
 the example of him who first ordained them
 what they are, desert and leave them to the
 care of hirelings, who, in this town, think
 not at all about them, but with regard to
 the pecuniary emolument they are to reap
 from them. There, in another corner, you
 may see those youthful priestlings, who
 scarcely come from school or university,
 where they have studied nothing but a few
 points of sophistry, blended with an infi-
 nity

nity of childishness and folly, persuade themselves, that, from the bishop's laying on his hands, they instantly are metamorphosed, as by a stroke of magic, into holy men, whom all the universe must listen to and credit, as if they were so many oracles. There also you see another set as bold as impious, who, in the face, nay, at the very foot of Heaven's altar, breathe in the ear, like the infernal toad near our first mother, and whisper to the heart of a young beautiful innocent, if simple enough to listen to their sophistry, a shameless love, whereof they frequently themselves enjoy the criminal and sacrilegious first-fruits. Now all the actions of these several kinds of men are pursued under the fair and plausible pretext of the glory of the Lord, and a love for the converting souls; but, in reality, for the glory and love of the Lord Lucifer, to whom they are well assured they make their court by it; and, in the hope that they hereafter shall possess, by way of recom-

recompense, the first apartments in his kingdom. But, let us finish here a detail, which, if pursued to its extent, would carry us too far; and go on to the second class, which we shall find is not less numerous.



C H A P. VII.

By whom the second apartments in HELL are occupied. A picture of the miser.

THIS class consists of the misers, persons devoted to HELL, and who, to get there, take pains almost incredible. For the pursuit of this design, they run to the extremities of the globe: to India, China, and Japan; to Malabar, Peru, Brazil, and Canada; even to the ANTHROPOPHAGI, the feeders upon human flesh. With equal intrepidity, we see them braving the dreadfulest tempests, withstanding all
the

the horrors of famine or contagion, the rage and the rapacity of corsairs and of pirates. They face, not only without trembling, but even with looks of happiness and transport, whatever earth, the sea, the elements, contain most dreadful and most formidable. Nay, death himself, to them has lost his terrors: and why? not surely from the hopes of gaining paradise. Alas! if that would cost them only a single penny to attain, they still would think it far too dear a purchase, and even grudge that little sum to buy it: and how indeed can it be well expected that they should go to that extravagance for God; they who refuse themselves their common needs, the indispensable necessities of life? Observe their food: the vilest and most common produce of the earth they hold too dear, too delicate for them. The blackest bread, which even a famish'd hound would hardly touch, they SPARINGLY devour; the limpid stream, (INDEED too good for them) is all their drink;

drink; nay, even they regret and weep at the consumption which they see made by others, as much almost as if it was at their expence.

An equal penury, the same miserable thrift appears in their cloathing, which is nothing but a pack of rags patched up and sewed together, to save the money which might clothe them decently. Their eyes, for ever open, and glew'd, as 'twere, to their treasure, which they keep ever fast in chests of iron, secured with triple locks; and which they never touch for fear of lessening: they sleep not a day or night for fear of being robbed. The time that other men employ in balmy sleep's refreshment, they pass in plotting and contriving a thousand tricks and stratagems, to ruin and undo their neighbour, either by exorbitant usury, or any other fraudulent design, whereby they may encrease their hoards. Do they fall sick, which scarce can fail to happen, considering the sneak-
ing



Bingham sculp.



ing wretched lives they lead? You think, perhaps, they fend for the physician, and seek for the assistance needful to them.

Alas ! you are much mistaken : there are two reasons why they scorn this help : first, it would cost them money, the loss of which is far more dreadful to them than the loss of life ; and, secondly, because it would prolong their lives, and consequently retard their journey to the infernal regions, whither they burn with a desire to go with all the expedition possible.

C H A P. VIII.

Who are the inhabitants of the third place in HELL.-----A description of the drunkards.

THE next in rank to misers, are the drunkards; a race of mortals so very fond of HELL, that they think life too long which keeps them from it, and therefore take all methods in their power to shorten its continuance. Let us then for a moment convey ourselves invisible to one of the assemblies of these WINE BUTTS. It is well: we are among them: observe them seated round that spacious table: What is it they are come for? Is it to eat that they have taken places? Is it to taste the pleasures of a conversation, enlivened with a little wine? Good heavens! how ignorant you shew yourself; how little do you know these people! Do you imagine that it was

to think, that it was for conversation they came into the world? No, no; it was to drink; it was to swallow wine. Behold them with their glasses in their hands; glass after glass they empty, and that in such abundance, that they from time to time are forced to throw it up again. It may be, you imagine that they on this account quit the company. No; not at all; like dogs or swine, no sooner is their stomach emptied from the wine it had been deluged in, then they again supply it with another charge, which meeting with the fate the former did, is replaced by a third; and so perpetually, whilst the night lasts, or day affords its light.

Now let us, if you please, take but a little view of the fine condition they have brought themselves into: nor one of them has strength enough to stand; their knees sink under them; their staggering feet no longer can support them; their trembling hands refuse to do their office; their
tongues,

tongues, swelled in their mouths, are now unfit to form articulation, and only stammer forth imperfect sentences. Their mouths and throats enflamed and parched with heat, have lost their natural supplies of moisture. Their eyes grown dizzy, and almost extinct, no longer can distinguish objects, which in confusion seem to dance before them, and seem, as conscious of their owners' folly, to scorn the guiding them. Their voices, stifled on one hand by these vapours the stomach is perpetually exhaling from wine already drank, and on the other by the fresh draughts of it which they incessantly are swallowing, can find no passage out, nor any longer form a sound. In this sweet pickle, you, no doubt, conclude, that they will cause themselves each to be carried to his separate home, (for so far are they from being able to find their way to their own houses, there is not any one amongst them could scramble out the door, even of the very room you see them

met

met in.) There, you will say, they may work off their wine in quiet and at ease. Reason, it is true, points out this wise advice, and speaks this language. But are these worthy imps of BACCHUS in a condition fit to hear that reason? Alas! they do not even hear themselves; can reason have effect with beings much more brutalized, than even beasts themselves; on men who fix it as their highest point of glory, to drown her in their wine? No; they have lost her quite; and therefore, far from thinking of retreating, they, on the contrary, think themselves but just set in, and now prepare for a more perfect course. Observe them now. To the great glasses with which they seemed already to have served themselves in such abundance, succeed a round of tankards, of a much larger size. Each takes one, fills it up, and quaffs it with his neighbour, and the company. To this they name the health, or to speak properer, the death of one another,

ther, and swallow it again: to this another round succeeds; another after that; and so to five or six. Till by these feats, warmed to attempt still greater, they think these tankards, large as they are, too little. The most capacious bowl the town affords, must now be brought; no sooner brought than filled; no sooner filled than emptied at a breath: for that's the law these swine impose upon themselves, under a penalty of repetition.

But as they cannot every one get bowls, nor can they stay with patience, till it comes round to them, they drink, whilst they are waiting for its revolution, some out of their shoes, some out of their slippers, some out of their hats and caps, some out of their boots. Some take up monstrous pitchers, and drink them at a draught: some tofs off; funnels full and some drink out of jordans. Some, lastly, cause themselves to be carried to the cellar, whither they have no power to go themselves, and

and lying down, with their mouths underneath the tap of the wine barrel, there guzzle away immeasurably. Nature, in the mean time, who cannot stand the attacks of so much violence, performs, on her part, all her usual functions: which make the filth of this polite assembly, a true Augæan stable, whose smell, (a thousand times more insupportable than any thing which that HELL, these wretches are by such debauches devoting themselves to, ever produced of nauseous or infectious) not even the strongest man, or the grossest constitution could endure to stay in. But let us hasten now to finish up this piece, which hitherto my pencil has only sketched imperfectly.

It is not enough these Bacehanalian heroes should drown themselves, as you perceive they do, in wine, in order to arrive more quickly in that HELL, which they so warmly sigh for: but that they may obtain some image of it, which in some degree may

come near the truth, and give them a fore-taste of those delights which there await them, they are going presently to swallow fire and smoke, which are the food and ordinary repasts of the inhabitants of that gloomy dwelling. Already do I see the waiters getting ready the apparatus for this new debauch. Behold the pipes, see next the chaffing dishes, and last behold tobacco on the table. Each takes his pipe, fills and sets fire to it, and seems to find fresh pleasure from sucking in long draughts of a most hateful smoke, whose horrid smell and pestilential taste, would poison, or drive away the very devils themselves. In short, the heavy mist formed by this black and ugly smoky, fills and infects the room to a degree, that soon obliges those who are unaccustomed to it, to quit it, unless they like these drunkards we have seen, would disgorge all they have upon their stomachs.

It is true, they do, indeed, under pre-
 tence of a prevention to this effect, so com-
 mon to tobacco, make use of a peculiar
 remedy: but 'tis a remedy a thousand
 times more pernicious than the disease.
 That is the use of spirituous liquors: those
 liquid and devouring flames, which will
 complete the burning up their stomach and
 intestines, already more than half consumed
 with drunkenness and debauchery. Hark!
 they are calling for them now! Now they
 are brought! See with what gout they
 swallow in great draughts, a sample of
 those fires which shall devour them for
 everlasting. What relish they express:
 Hark! now they smack their lips, as if
 they had been tasting the most delightful
 and most healthful liquors. Hear with
 what lavish praise they sound its commen-
 dations, as the most excellent restorative
 that human wit or understanding ever could
 discover. "This is, say they, the real
 Aqua Vitæ, the true divine cordial, the

grand elixir. The more we drink, the better we shall be. DRINK THEN, AND NEVER SPARE IT.

In vain would you attempt to turn them from this wretched way of living, by representing to them the fatal and the horrible effects which are its consequences. Such as the ruin of their families, and the destruction of their constitutions, incurable and cruel maladies, such as the gout, the dropsy, the apoplexy, the palsy and consumption, the weakening of the nerves, the inflammation of the bowels, and many more diseases as painful as they are inevitable from such debaucheries. No, this is preaching to the winds: true heroes as they are, true martyrs of Prince Lucifer, they expose themselves intrepidly, nay, even with delight, to all the various mischiefs which attend them; and when they are attacked by them, endure them with the greatest resignation, as well out of the love they entertain for him, as from
their

their earnestness not to lose that place which he has destined for them in his kingdom, and which they have obtained with so much justice.



CHAP. IX.

By whom the fourth place in HELL are occupied. Picture of a fop, and of a coquet.

IN the fourth class we shall introduce to your acquaintance, the fops and petitmaitres : Those miss mageries, who are ever so exactly drest, that you would think when ever they appear, that they had just then come out of a band-box, so regularly nice is every thing about them. Take notice of their heads ; no curl, no single hair is out of order. The comb, the scissars, pipes and curling tongs, sometimes even burning hot ; powders, pomatums, essences,

and perfumes, have all been used to give them that arrangement, that graceful turn which you so much admire. Alas! how many grimaces, how many impatiences, how many pains, how many burnings, how many oaths has it not cost them to arrive at this! But, sure we ought to undergo some sufferings in this world, to gain a place of eminence in the next. Undoubtedly we must. It is for that purpose, doubtless, we perceive them going backwards and forwards with their heads uncovered, whatever be the weather. Ever unbuttoned to the waist, even in the utmost rigour of the winter, they make the most ridiculous parade of a pretended warmth of constitution, which their continual shudderings, that break from them in spite, and the cold blighted keenness of their faces, give hourly the lie to. From the same motive, 'tis they are induced to spend their nights in dancing an attendance, amidst frost and hail, and rain, blowing their nails, and cooling
of

of their heels under the windows of their pretended mistresses, who take diversion in the thoughts of it, and laugh at them with reason. And happy may they think themselves, if the chambermaids, who in the general, are pretty pieces of mortality, do not spitefully sluice them with some unfavorable deluge, to moderate and cool those raging flames wherewith they say they burn.

And yet to hear these pretty masters talk, one would believe they were the favourites, the blest ADONIS's of all the women. Take their own words, and not a single nymph can stand against the beauties of their persons. From this ridiculous persuasion, which they have brought themselves into the full belief of, it is that we perceive them so well satisfied with their own little merits; singing and dancing, capering and whistling, and sometimes doing all these in a breath. Dolls, both in figure and in understanding, you may consider them as real puppets, which folly
 19
 plays

plays and ever keeps perpetually in motion. When in the streets, the public walks, at court, or in a lady's bedchamber, in the play-house or at church, their character, alike extravagant throughout, never belies itself. They are every where the same, and every where the mark of ridicule to men of understanding. But this indeed gives them no great concern. They are satisfied with themselves, and that's enough for them. They even make a merit and a boast of all that raillery which their ridiculous behaviour so often brings upon them; because they know, and are convinced, that the kingdom of LUCIFER, to which they have a just and a well-grounded title, must have, as well as that of heaven, which they take not one single thought about, it's crosses to go through, it's sufferings to support, before it can be purchased.

Next to these molly-masters comes in order another kind of animals, not in the least more wise or rational. They bear indeed
the

the names of girls and women: But, heavens! what strange assemblage of irregularities and follies, extravagancies and imperfections, faults and vices! Worthy! thrice worthy implements of HELL! View them, examine them from top to toe, and tell me, if I draw the picture false, strengthen one single feature, or give to any part too high a colouring. Then let us take the very first that offers to make the portrait from. And, apropos, there's one already sits: behold her at her toilet! take notice of her head-dress and her hair, which but this very moment are come out of the hands of her tire-woman and barber: who have together spent four hours at least in giving them the form, the turn, the colour, the arrangement which you perceive them have. Her tresses, naturally red, she has found means by art to make appear the finest brown imaginable, and, should the fair one chuse to have them light coloured, black or chefnut, or any other co-

lour

lour she may fancy, it will only cost these
 skilful alterers of nature's works the pains
 of giving them another tinct. Nay, what's a
 farther wonder, those locks, so much have art
 and industry converted and disguised them,
 that by their graceful fall, their beaute-
 ous negligence, you might mistake them
 for the fair tresses of the PAPHIAN Queen,
 or those of BERENICE, which shine a con-
 stellation in the heavens, were formed by
 nature shockingly harsh, strait, and inflex-
 ible; but then what sufferings has not this
 fair one borne all the last night on their ac-
 count. Her head, stuck round, and hedge-
 hog'd thick with papers, as it is said ME-
 DUSA's was with snakes, has not permitted
 her to close an eye, or get a wink of sleep.
 Observe her eyes and cheeks! The former,
 naturally lively, and almost always animat-
 ed by the fire of love, with which her bo-
 som burns, are heavy, down-cast, sad and
 languishing. The latter, equally crimson-
 ed over by the pure native glow of youth-
 ful





ful blood, are lifeless, pale, and livid. What pity 'tis, I know you are going to exclaim; but have a little patience: art, in a moment, shall supply the wants of both. Take notice of her toilet and its implements; the ingredients, and the various apparatus with which it is adorned. This fair-one's ardent inclination to appear pleasing to her lovers, will make her quickly seek, and find again within her looking-glass, all the vivacity her eyes have lost. There you perceive her ogling, primming, and grimacing at her mirror, whilst, like a new APOLLO, with pencils dipp'd in ceruse, vermillion, and carmine, she artfully applies upon her face those colours which we before observed that she had lost.

Next, from her cheeks proceed we to her ears, which seem to have been moulded by the most skilful artist, so neat, so delicately turned, they are: for fear, however, they should grow too fleshy, she has caused them to be pierced; and, however deli-

cate

rate her sex, however painful this operation may have been, she has chosen voluntarily to undergo it, rather than not conform to what's the fashion. But, wherefore do I mention this; this transitory pain? To this succeeds another daily one: a pain almost continual, and which she bears with no less perseverance. This is occasioned by the weight of that enormous load of precious stones, with which you see her ears are decorated; jewels, whose burden would tear her ears to pieces, nay almost pull them off, were it not for the care of the industrious jeweller.

But now that we are mentioning the sufferings of the fair-sex, let us go through with the examination, whereby we may discover the most convincing proof of the truth of what I have advanced; that is to say, that the ladies, no less than their admirers, are truly martyrs to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS, and to obtain a portion in his kingdom, both do and suffer more than they

they would perform to gain a place in
heavens.

Look, gaze with the admiration they
deserve, upon that alabaster neck, that
snowy breast which she exposes ever to the
insults of the air and weather, even in the
most severe, most piercing cold of win-
ter. A slender handkerchief, an esola-
vage of diamonds, or of pearls, some
knots of ribbon, a piece of gauze or mus-
lin, finer and thinner than the spider's web,
scarce covers the tenth part; and, even
what is covered, is only so in order to excite
more strongly the desires of the spectator,
and draw his eyes towards those two beau-
teous hemispheres which play beneath, and
which she knows full well mankind have,
in all ages, been the dupes to. Alas! how
disagreeably would they find themselves
deceived, were but the most of all these
artificial beauties, to let themselves be seen
in their true natural condition. Their ele-
gant position seems delightful; their first
view

view most enchanting; their firmness like the polished hardness of ivory, or alabaster. But does reality answer to all these fair appearances? Alas! how little! A body, or rather coat of mail, composed of whalebone as hard as iron, inclosed in which this fair-one suffers torture, forces these semi-globes, and drives them from the stomach, towards which they are placed, up to the height at which they now appear. Their firmness is but merely in appearance, and their acquired whiteness no more than the effect of their cold creams, and other artificial pastes and washes, with which they daily are prepared both night and morning.

'Tis also to the same artifice, (that is to say, to the same punishment, which they, with most heroic constancy, submit to,) they stand indebted for that slender shape, which we admire in them, and for whose preservation the most of them deny themselves some part even of their needful food; so
that

that you see Lord LUCIFER has also his devout ones, whom he obliges regularly to observe their vigils, fasts, and advents; their Lents, and Ember-weeks; and all this with a hope of one day purchasing a portion in his kingdom. In short, the belle professed, is but from head to foot, one piece of universal suffering. But we have mention'd feet; observe those of our beauty; how small, how pretty, how well-shaped they are. Judge by their size, and you would sure imagine the owner of them not above seven or eight years old, and yet, altho' she does not chuse to own it, she has seen the revolution of thirty tedious years. Consider and admire the more than human constancy, wherewith she has, thro' such a period, endured her feet to be for ever on the rack; and all but to prevent their growing to their natural form and bulk. Perhaps you fancy that time has so habituated her to this custom, she feels no pain from it: but do not run away with such a

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notion. No; every step she takes in her little shoes, which are true shackles to her, gives her such violent torment, that, was it not for fear the world would laugh at her, she would cry out aloud as she goes through the streets, or in the public gardens. But what can be too hard to undergo, to have a head well-dressed; ears well-adorned; a lovely neck displayed; white breasts; a slender shape; and baby feet? Sure, these advantages are cheaply purchased, at only the expence of twenty or thirty years, or even sometimes a whole life of torture, as all the ladies about court have found it. O great Prince LUCIFER! what ardour, what a noble perseverance, do all your devotees, both male and female, shew in their words and actions for your service! The candidates for heaven are not to be compared with them in this particular; they do not, even come within an hundred points of them. How great a right their heavenly Father had to declare
 your

your children were more dutiful, more courageous than his own (a).

Indeed, the votaries of the Prince of HELL, to make themselves more deserving of his favour, carry their heroism to so great a height, as even to smother in them the voice of Nature; that voice, so efficacious and so potent, that it will soften even the fiercest animals. Observe that youthful beauty, who has just brought into the world the precious pledge of her most tender passion. The innocent and lovely little creature scarce sees the light, before it stretches forth its infant arms towards the mother, from whom it begs that nourishment which Nature has herself prepared for its subsistence. The mother's breasts, from which it should be furnished, are full, and overflow with that delicious nectar Heaven has ordained should feed it. Yet look at her: Will she even listen to its cries? Ah, no: more cruel than the very fiercest of beasts (b), the most inhuman monsters,

this step-dame with unfeeling heart, denies to her own babe the breast. On what foundation does she build this dire barbarity, unknown to any other living creature? Whereon? Why, on the imaginary fear that this dear precious fruit of her own bowels, this other self of her's, should spoil the well-turn'd roundness, or take away the valued firmness of her breasts, by sucking from them the food designed to nourish it. She apprehends her husband, or her lovers, whom still she would continue to delight, will find no longer the same charms in, or pleasure from them, nor consequently shew to her the same affection. In vain her dear, her tender offspring may cry, may weep, may rave, and may despair. She hears it not; deaf to its little voice; blind to its tears; insensible to all its grief and its despair. Nothing can melt her; nothing soften her. Nay, she even looks upon the lovely infant but as a monster ready to devour her; and therefore sends it hastily away, whilst she proceeds, sometimes

times even at the hazard of her own life; to dry up in herself the very fountain of this her new-born child's existence; to whom she thinks she does but too much favour, if she procures for it a foreign aid, a food which had not been designed for it, frequently vitiated by drinking or disease, and, almost ever, poor and ill-condition'd, even from the very wretchedness of her, within whose breasts it flows. Thus, robb'd of the only aliment which Nature had designed it, the inoffensive, pretty little creature pines and languishes, suffers the acutest pains, and goes through miseries its birth appeared to have insured it from, 'till at the last it dies in sharpest agonies, without even carrying to the grave with it the least regret of this inhuman step-dame, who thinks of nothing but the quickly giving it a successor to whom her cruelty again procures the same distress. If haply one amongst them all escapes this fatal destiny, feeble and languishing, and feeling, thro' its

life, the ill effects of that unnatural nourishment which was not destined for it; we often see it giving its birth the lie, and, by a train of mean or wicked inclinations, fulfilling the honoured lustre of that blood, which it was at first formed from, and which a food, so far unequal to it as that which it received, occasioned to degenerate. Let us conclude then from all this, which is so sure a truth, that even whole nations might be brought in proof to any one who should dispute it; let us, I say, conclude, that nothing but an excessive and most ardent passion for the joys of **HELL**, could ever lead creatures, who call themselves rational, into such excesses of inhumanity.

This was the very conclusion which Sir Thomas More (c), high-chancellor of England; a man far less deserving of remembrance for the high post he held, and which his merit only had acquired him, than for his great wit, profound knowledge, and depth of understanding, drew from an examination

amination of a like kind. This great man, having, for a whole morning, sat by a young lady at her toilet, and seen all the cares and pains which it had cost her to adjust her dress : “ Well, madam,” said he to her with a smile, but with an air and manner full of good-sense and wisdom, “ if, after
 “ all that I have seen you suffer, God does
 “ not, in reward, allot you one of the finest
 “ places in HELL, he certainly will do you
 “ great injustice.”

Let us add to this fally of wit, which is but one of many thousands that issued from the mouth of that great man, (who was equally fertile in *bon mots* and repartees, as in the sentiments of deepest wisdom) the following story, which he relates in one of his works. A certain holy hermit, named PAMBE, being upon his way to meet his bishop who had sent for him, met on the road a lady most magnificently dressed, and whose incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every one upon her. The saint having

look'd at her, and being himself struck with astonishment, immediately burst forth in tears: those who were near him, wondering to see him weep so, demanded the occasion of his grief: "I have," said he, "two reasons
 "for my tears; the first is, to think how
 "fatal an impression that woman makes
 "on all who look on her; the other, is
 "the grief wherewith I am touched, when
 "I reflect, that I, for my salvation, and to
 "please God, have never taken one tenth
 "part the pains which this woman has
 "taken to please man alone."

Alas! good PAMBE! how much wert thou mistaken when thou talkedst thus! For thou, all those who saw, and who admired this woman, nay even she herself, were all deceived. If she had taken all that pains to deck and to adorn her person, it could not surely be only to please her admirers, who might perhaps be all unknown to her. No, 'twas to please Prince LUCIFER, whose tenant she was burning with a desire to become:

become: a desire, for the gratifying of which, all the pains and sufferings which her adjustments cost her were only trifles, were but, as they indeed are to all the women who resemble her, and which the number of in this world is so great, matter of mere amusement.

NOTES.

(a) The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. Luke xvi. 18.

(b) " Even the sea monsters draw out the breast; " they give suck to their young ones: the daughter " of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches " in the wilderness." Lament. iv. 3. This bird, which, for its size and strength, is amongst the winged race what the elephant is amongst quadrupeds, lays her eggs in the sand, and then leaves them for the sun to hatch them and bring forth the young; which it does also by those of the tortoise, who lay in the same manner.

(c) He was born at London in the year 1480. His merit acquired him so great a reputation, that Henry VIII, then king of England, employed him in many embassies, raised him to the highest dignities,

nities, and at length made him high-chancellor of that kingdom. This last post he filled but two years and a half; at the expiration whereof, being well-acquainted with the violent temper of that prince, and, foreseeing the consequences of his love for Anna Bullen, he resigned his place, and retired into the country, where he lived in a frugal manner with his family; his whole income being no more than a small estate of fifteen hundred pounds a year. So little solicitous had he been of enriching himself in the high offices he had possessed. Yet could not his retreat preserve him from those misfortunes which he had foreseen, and hoped to avoid thereby; Providence having decreed, that he should fall a martyr to his religion; which he did not long after.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

The fifth place in HELL is taken up by the soldiery.

NEXT to the ladies, there is no set of creatures conceive so strong a passion for dwelling in the lower regions, none are so thoroughly devoted to the infernal empire as the soldiery and military class of men : with them no undertaking can seem difficult, no danger be consider'd, where their good master's service is in question, or they can prove by it their zeal to LUCIFER : chains, prisons, loss of limbs, are with these people nothing more than little acts of supererogation, with which they but begin their mere noviciate. Examine but their figures and their physiognomies, both will declare to you the master they belong to, and tell you whom they serve. Their wan complexions, sun-burnt counte-

countenances, their tann'd hides, their bodies, which have more the air of skeletons and corpses, than that of living beings: their carcases, I say, bored through with wounds, wasted to nothing, with labours and fatigues which they have undergone; with sicknesses, which have consumed them; by vermin, which have eaten them up alive; by the excessive heats, whereby they have been scorched; by the excessive cold by which they have been frozen, protected from it, as they were by nought but rags: in short, the comfortless remnant of a life, which, to the latest moment, they are still ready to sacrifice, for a poor, paltry, miserable stipend, which they receive per diem. These miseries, I say, which we not only see them bear with courage, but with pleasure, plainly evince, that the most powerful, the most predominant of all their passions, is their desire for the infernal regions. Nay, farther to confirm it, hear them but speak

three

three sentences; to each of them they join some ardent exclamation, whereby they, with the utmost energy declare, the earnestness they have to go thither; such as, “ The devil take me! the devil seize me! “ the devil choak me! the devil fly away “ with me! and many such ejaculatory prayers, in the same taste, which very naturally express their earnest wish to go as soon as possible to him they thus invoke so heartily.

Nor are these exclamations words of course, desires in speculation, or a mere Say-so, unaccompanied with an intention of performance. No; on the contrary, they are attended with actions which are highly meritorious, and must endear them greatly to Lord LUCIFER, whom 'tis their only care to make their court to. It is to please him we see them waging an eternal war with honour, piety, religion, with the inhabitants of heaven, as well as earth; in short, with God himself. 'Tis from these motives

motives that we daily see them robbing poor peasants of their goods and money, bearing away their cattle, burning their houses, their stables, and their barns, with all that they contain; tearing their children from them without mercy; and violating, even in their very sight, their wives, their daughters, and their servants. With the same view it is they exercise all kinds of inhumanities, putting to fire and sword, without distinction, the poor defenceless cities, who have no other connection with the war than that of undergoing these disasters.

How many charming countries, flourishing cities rich towns, lands (before they came thither) flowing with milk and honey, have we seen metamorphosed, by their shocking rapines and excesses, some into solitudes and deserts, and others into heaps of ashes and ruinous desolation. How many of these furies have we seen, aiming their sacrilegious rage against God himself, plunder his

his very temples, rob them of all their richest ornaments, and even crown the whole of these impieties, by burning or demolishing them. Lastly, proceeding to excesses which every nation has with justice looked on as abominations; such as disturbing the very dead, violating their burial rites, forcing their way into the vaults and monuments of princes and of heroes, whose names alone, whilst living, were wont to strike a dread where-ever mentioned, robbing them even of these last distinctions, which human veneration for their greatness, had, after death, adorned them with, and consecrated to their memoirs, such as their crowns of gold, the badges of their orders, their armour, with their swords, their helmets and achievements. Bearing away the urns of gold or silver, which had contained their ashes or their entrails; breaking their coffins open, and scattering, with indignity, about, the sad, but surely venerable, relics of those demi-gods.

gods on earth (a). O Heaven! thou canst
 permit these horrors to be acted, and dost
 not on the very spot revenge them! Oh,
 where then sleeps the lightening and the
 thunderbolt? But thou hast left to LUCI-
 FER the care of giving to these actions the
 recompence they merit. In short, as 'tis
 for him alone they yield themselves to these
 abominations, which none but he could
 have inspired them with; as 'tis the inex-
 pressible love they bear to this infernal mo-
 narch, which makes them do these deeds, it
 is in consequence his business to pay them
 their deserts. Heaven, than which nothing
 less employs their care, and to obtain
 which, they would be very loth to under-
 take even the merest trifle, has nothing to
 observe, nothing to say, repeating all their
 actions. 'Tis to Lord LUCIFER to whom
 they most especially belong, to whom they
 are most especially devoted, as to their
 worthy and their only master, to him, I
 say, it is that it belongs to judge of all their
 actions

actions, and consequently to give them in his empire, (a zeal for which has ever been the motive of these actions) those dignities and those apartments which they perfectly deserve to fill.

But if, amongst the whole body of the soldiery, there is any class, which merits more particular distinction, it surely is that rank of subaltern officers so well known where they come, by the name of QUARTER-MASTERS; as they are by their posts, charged with the care of finding out, preparing, and assigning quarters to the soldiers, there is no art or trick, no stratagem, no violence, they do not put in practice to make whatever profit in their power in this part of their employment. In consequence of which, whenever these sharks enter the house of any man of substance, they first begin with telling him a dreadful story of all the miseries attending a military life, assuring him they are in want of every thing, which only is a civil prologue to the scurvy play of

plundering him, to serve these several wants. The first scene opens with fixing on his gloves; his boots are the next object; then their affection fixes on his cloak: These being obtained, with hat in one hand, and pistol in the other, (the muzzle to his breast) with a low bow, and all the complaisance imaginable, they let him understand his life's at stake, unless he instantly gives up his house, and every thing therein, to the discretion of his company, whom he must quarter there. The timid gentleman, not indeed much accustomed to such compliments, flies off affrighted; his servants follow the example; and thus the military man becomes sole master of the field. And now, behold his company arrived. Plunder's the word, and they begin at once: A search for keys is needless; soldiers can break down doors. A foot, a hatchet, or any thing that happens in their way, will serve the turn as well. With like

agility,

agility, they make their way to closets, cupboards, chests and coffers. All they can find is lawful prize with them : barns, granaries and storehouses, filled with all kinds of corn, is noble pillage. In vaults and cellars, to stop and pierce the wine barrels, would be too great a labour : A pistol bullet does the business instantly. The better sort, they drink and waste themselves ; the common kind, serves for their trulls and strumpets.

The sheep-folds, cow-houses, and hogsties, become in the next place a scene of dreadful butchery of every thing at that time worth the killing. The rest is carried off. An equal slaughter too amongst the poultry. Cocks, hens, and capons, turkies, and poults, ducks, drakes and mallards, geese and ganders, are all unmercifully jumbled in one common massacre ; all swept away together, plucked, spitted, roasted, broiled and fry'd, and all devoured even to the very bones ; or should some cold re-

mains chance to be left, the knapsack, that common reservoir, receives and bears them off.

During this dreadful pillage and disorder, the poor affrighted farmer, hid in his hay-loft, or in his pigeon-house, is trembling for his life, which he imagines that this riotous crew will scarcely leave him. He wishes, from his soul, that they were gone, though with the loss of every thing he has. But they have yet no thought of giving him so great a satisfaction. Their quarters are too good to quit so soon. If they do go, 'tis when they can remain no longer there; that is to say, when they have drank his cellar dry, and left him nothing in his house but the bare walls; and happy may he think himself if they do not set fire to them when they depart.

Now, tell me, wherefore do you think that they commit these outrages? Do you suppose that 'tis necessity obliges them to all these wicked actions? No, by no means:

it

It was not ten miles off they did the same. To-day, and yesterday, to-morrow and the next day, are all the same to them; all times, all places, give them opportunity to exercise the same pernicious riots. Necessity, that pressing motive, might indeed excuse, at least might palliate, these excesses: but they have not that plea to offer in their favour. It is the pleasure, the joy they find in mischief; 'tis the desire they have to please and to obey Lord LUCIFER, who, to reward them, waits for them a few steps off, either in some ambuscade, or at the head of some party of the enemy. 'Tis for a kind reception in his kingdom that they commit unnecessary ravage; knowing that nothing can delight him more, than doing all the mischief that they can. 'Tis to obtain from him a favourable passport, by virtue of the which they are well received, and treated with respect upon the road, as his peculiar friends and favourites. As far then, as old CHARON (a) can per-

ceive them coming, he hoists his sail, and rows his crazy boat up to the landing place, where he must take them, that they may not be forced to wait a moment. When they have crossed the STYX (b), which in the twinkling of an eye they do, the kindly passport they have obtained from LUCIFER produces the same effect on CERBERUS (c). This monster, whose dreadful triple throat frights, with his horrid howlings, all other kinds of sinners, knowing them for his master's friends, so far from barking when he sees them, runs, on the contrary, to meet them, and shews, by his leaping on them, wagging his tail, his joyful cries, his capers, and a thousand other kind caresses, the joy he has to see them safe arrive, and in so great a number. The FURIES (d), those un pitying beings, who favour no one, and whose ordinary employ it is to punish souls to all eternity; these very FURIES give them the best reception possible; compliment them on their coming, embrace them, and even

even treat them, as if they were their brethren; open the gates of **TARTARUS** (e) to them, and give up to these **QUARTER-MASTERS** here, the very charge which they possessed on earth, that of assigning to each one of their soldiers the lodging he deserves.

NOTES.

(a) The barge man of **HELL**; the poets have given him the employment of carrying over the souls of the dead into these gloomy mansions.

(b) A river of **HELL**, which, according to the poets, all souls must pass after their death, before they reach the place appointed for them.

(c) A monstrous and enormous dog with three heads, to whom the poets have given the charge of guarding the passages to **HELL**.

(d) The goddesses of **HELL**. They are three in number, and are called **ALECTO** **MEGARA** & **TYSIPHONE**. The poets have supposed them to possess in **HELL** the employment of punishing the wicked.

(e) The very dungeon of **HELL**, in which, according to the poets, the souls of wicked persons were tormented with every kind of punishment, according to their crimes.

C H A P. XI.

By whom the sixth and last places in
HELL are occupied. A picture of
Envy.

LASTLY, Let us introduce, in the
 lowest class of the liege subjects and
 martyrs of **LUCIFER**, the Envious men.
 What horrid torments, in reality, do not
 these people suffer whilst on earth, to be-
 come worthy of his favour after death? jea-
 lous even of the least prosperity, of the
 most middling fortune, of the least success,
 which others meet with; we see them co-
 pying closely their infernal mother, of
 whom an elegant poet of the ancients has
 given us this true but horrid picture (a).

Livid and meagre were her looks; her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry:
 An hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd
 breast: Her

Her teeth were brown with rust, and from
her tongue

In dangling drops the stringy poison hung.

She never smiles but when the wretched
weep;

Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep.

Restless in spite; while, watchful to de-
stroy,

She pines and sickens at another's joy :

Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,

She bears her own tormentor in her breast.

Where she steers,

Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,

Mildews and blights; the meadows are
defac'd,

The fields, the flowers, and the whole year
laid waste :

On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,

And breathes a burning plague among their
walls.

GARTH'S OVID.

This is indeed a picture of the envious,
drawn from the life. Here may the course
they

they run be truly traced. These are the noble and the worthy fruits their labours yield. Do they not well deserve then after death to be rewarded with a place in HELL, near to their hideous mother?

From all that we have said then, it must be concluded, that HELL is certainly a mighty blessing, because, as we have proved, the world in general seek for it with such ardour, and even subject themselves with joy, in hopes of gaining it, to every thing that human nature can undergo most painful; in short, to every thing that she could possibly endure, to obtain the most supreme felicity.

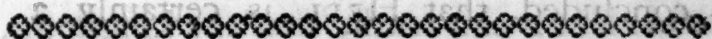
NOTES.

(a) Pallor in Ore sedet; macies, in corpore toto,
 Nusquam recta acies; livent rubigine dentes;
 Pectora felle virent; lingua est suffusa veneno;
 Rifus abest, nisi quem visum movere dolores;
 Nec fructus somno vigilantibus excita curis,
 Sed vi et ingratos, intabescitque videndo

Suc-

Succellus hominum; carpitque, et carpitur una,
 Supplicium que suum est.
 Quocumque ingreditur, florentia proterit arva,
 Exurit que herbas, et summa papavera carpit,
 Afflatuque sua populos, urbesque, domosque
 Polluit.

OVID. Metam. Lib. II. v. 777. et seq.



CH A P. XII.

The excellence of HELL with respect
 to good neighbourhood.

AMONGST the great number of reasons which induce mankind to prefer the habitation of HELL to any other whatsoever, I make no doubt that one of the most principal is the very valuable advantage it has of being in a good neighbourhood. There is not, in short, in this world, any inconvenience, any situation, so perfectly disagreeable, as that of being placed in the midst of bad neighbours. From that reason it was, that the Jews,
 who

who are the oldest nation at this day subsisting in the universe, have numbered it amongst the curses they bestow on their enemies, a misfortune, which they look on as one of the greatest that ever broke loose from PANDORA'S box (a). Nay, so certain, so evident is this truth, that the kingdoms, states, and empires of the world might generally promise themselves an everlasting prosperity, was it not for the desolation and destruction which is brought on the most of them, from their having wicked and malicious neighbours. A good neighbourhood, in short, possesses such advantages, and carries such satisfaction with it, that it infinitely augments the delight of any habitation, however agreeable in itself. On this account it is, that CATO advises every one who is about to purchase any possession, to take care, above all things, to inform and satisfy himself of the worth and character of those who live around it. Nor was this inestimable advantage unknown

or unnoticed by those who lived even long before his time; for we read, in ancient history, that **THEMISTOCLES**, that famous Athenian general, having put up one of his houses to sale, took especial care to give information to those who had any desire to purchase, by the public cryer, That it was situated in the midst of excellent neighbours.

Now this we can assure you is the case of **HELL**; and can produce to you, as authorities of the truth of our assertion, a set of persons whose testimony will certainly not be disputed, since they have been looked on as infallible, not only in this point, but in many others. These are the grave and irrefragable doctors of divinity; who have all assured us, with as great a degree of boldness and certainty, as if they had themselves been eye-witnesses to it, that the frontiers of the infernal empire are inhabited by people of the most quiet, the most pacific dispositions in the world, and
the

the most incapable of breeding any kind of disturbance, doing even the smallest injury, or giving the very slightest offence to their neighbours.

And which, I know you are going eagerly to ask me, Which is the happy land, where so much quiet, so much sweetness reigns? I answer, in a word, 'tis Purgatory. A country, as 'tis said, inhabited by children who have died yet unregenerate: by which you may conceive it is the dwelling of innocence and candour; perfections, which, 'tis much, if we ever meet with here on earth.

The learned writers, who have given us the history of that country, assure us it was formerly inhabited, during the space of some 4000 years, by pious and holy personages, who neither were less quiet, nor less innocent. But, that, at the expiration of that time, they left this habitation to go to a much better one, where, notwithstanding, they have still continued to keep

up

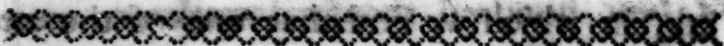
up a friendly correspondence with the inhabitants of HELL, their former neighbours. The truth of this relation we also further learn, from the account of the wicked rich man we have before-mentioned; in which we find that one of the ancient inhabitants of purgatory, in speaking to him, gives him even the tender name of Son. Nor can we, in the least doubt, that, in imitation of these holy pious personages, their successors, the new inhabitants of purgatory, give also to their neighbours the tender, gentle titles of PAPA and MAMA, as we see the little FOUNDLINGS do to those who speak to or care for them.

NOTES.

(a) An admirable woman, formed by Nature. The poets tell us, that she had received from each of the deities some perfection. Jupiter, enraged against Prometheus, who had stolen fire from heaven to animate the man which he had made, sent Pandora down to earth with a fatal box, which

Epi-

Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, opened, and wherefrom immediately flew out every kind of disease and misfortune, which has ever since tormented the world. There remained however nothing but hope, which was found at the bottom of the box of miseries.



C H A P. XIII.

The great utility of HELL.

BUT, if the unity and friendship which the inhabitants of HELL maintain between their neighbours and themselves increases greatly the value of the place, it certainly has many other properties which no less add to it. One of the first which offers to the mind, is surely its utility.

The most part of the works of mortal fabric, particularly those which most excite our wonder, are rather monuments of human vanity and ostentation, than works of real use. Recall to mind those famous

mous pyramids of Egypt; we have heard so greatly talked of: ask those enormous heaps of stone, seated in the midst of deserts, whose summits seem to reach the very clouds, and for the building which, three or four hundred thousand workmen were for scores of years employed; ask them, I say, what purposes they answer; what purpose they have ever answered. It is a point the ancientest historians have never told, and what the modern ones will never be enabled to inform us of: should they not, then, be looked on as foolish monuments of their vanity who raised them? as labours equally useless and expensive?

Next, let us cast our eyes upon that famous obelisk of SEMIRAMIS, which was an hundred and fifty feet in height, and four and twenty in circumference: it was of one single stone, and that stone had been cut in the mountains of Armenia. Now, how many artists, how many labourers, how many machines, must there have been employed,

to cut, to model, to draw this enormous mass of stone? How many carriages and horses to drag it even to the river's side, where it was to be embarked? How many floats and barges must be used to waft it from that place to Babylon, where it was to be, and was erected in one of the public squares of that vast and magnificent city? And what, pray, was all this great expence for? Only for a moment to amuse the curiosity of the passers-by: to have the childish satisfaction of hearing all the boobies of that age and country, cry out with admiration: "See, there's a monstrous stone!" Would not a good hospital, well-endowed, either for poor or sick, for aged, for orphans, or for invalids; an hospital, whose foundation would surely not have cost one half of the expence it did to erect this paltry mass of free-stone, absolutely useless to the Babylonians, been of a thousand times the advantage to that nation, and

and done an hundred times more honour to SEMIRAMIS?

What more can be said of that other folly, which, notwithstanding the ancients have bestowed on it the title of one of the wonders of the world, I mean that Colossal statue of brass, which the Rhodians erected and placed at the entrance of their port (a), and was of so enormous a size, that the largest vessels, in full sail, could pass between its legs; one of which was fixed on each of the two moles which formed the entrance of the harbour. Tell me, for Heaven's sake, of what use to the Rhodians this piece of work, which must have cost them such immense sums, could have been? None in the least: unless they set it up merely to fright their children, as the mothers, maids, and nurses do in our days, with the talk of giants and Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

The same question may also be asked in regard to that famous labyrinth of Crete;

another of the wonders of the world ; or,
 rather, a wonder of folly and absurdity ;
 which the poets have left us such pompous
 descriptions of. A work that must have
 cost King MINOS, at whose command it
 was constructed, immense sums of money.
 And, after all for what ? Why, truly to
 enclose a monster ; which, for the honour
 of that prince, and still more so, for that
 of his wife, ought to have been strangled
 the moment it came into the world, rather
 than preserved, in this pompous manner, to
 perpetuate the memory of their infamy.
 Hear what OVID says of it :

Now MINOS, landed on the Cretan shore,
 Performs his vows to Jove's protecting
 pow'r.

An hundred bullocks of the largest breed,
 With flowrets crown'd, before his altars
 bleed ;

Whilst

Whilst trophies of the vanquished; brought
from far,

Adorn the palace with the spoils of war.

Mean while the monster of a human beast,

His family's reproach and stain, increas'd.

His double kind the rumour swiftly spread,

And evidenc'd the mother's beastly deed.

When MINOS, willing to conceal the shame

That sprung from the reports of tattling

fame,

Resolves a dark inclosure to provide,

And, far from sight, the two-form'd crea-

ture hide.

Great Dædalus of Athens was the man

That made the draughts and form'd the

wond'rous plan ;

Where rooms within themselves incircl'd lie,

With various windings to deceive the eye.

As soft Meander's wanton current plays,

Where thro' the Phrygian fields he loosely

strays ;

Backward and forward rowls the dimpled
tide,

Seeming at once two different ways to glide;
Whilst circling streams their former banks
survey,

And waters past succeeding waters see:

Now floating to the sea with downward
course,

Now pointing upward to its ancient source :

Such was the work, so intricate the place,

That scarce the workman all its turns could
trace :

And Dædalus was puzzl'd how to find

The secret ways of what himself design'd.

These private walls the Minotaur include,

Who twice was glutted with Athenian
blood (b).

GARTH'S OVID.

Now, will you not confess with me, that
he must have been worse than an ideot to
cause so magnificent an edifice as this to
be fabricated only to shut up a mon-
ster, for which the most dreadful prison,
the

the darkeſt and moſt noiſome dungeon had been infinitely too good? In ſhort, if MINOS, who, in other reſpects, was really a very amiable prince, had never been guilty of any other folly in his whole life but this, it muſt certainly have been more than ſufficient to have entitled him to a place in the infernal empire.

From all theſe premiſes then we may conclude, that the greateſt part of thoſe things, which we are apt the moſt to admire, are very frequently nothing elſe but mere works of ſuperfluity.

But this cannot be ſaid of our HELL: for, beſides that he by whom it was founded, can make nothing in vain, this is, perhaps, of all his works, the one which is of moſt advantage to the world. In ſhort, its being ordained to ſerve as a dungeon for the impious and wicked, who there are to experience thro' all eternity, the ſeverity and rigour of his divine juſtice, is but the

smaller part of its distinction: it is of use also to inspire and keep up piety and religion in the universe. You must know, and cannot avoid observing daily with your own eyes, the corruption of the world, at this time to be arrived at so high a pitch, that altho' we have almost constantly before our faces, prisons, gibbets, scaffolds, pillories, and a thousand other instruments of judicial punishment, yet all these do not prevent the daily, the hourly commission of the crimes which merit these chastisements; and as, if you were to remove these scarecrow employments, which justice has set up to keep the wicked within bounds, there would no longer be any safety here on earth; so, if you were to deprive men of the fear, the well-grounded apprehensions which they have, and ought to have of HELL, they would no longer then be human beings; they would become the fiercest of all savages; and every man would be obliged to follow the example of

that

that monarch, who was called the Iron Prince, from never putting off his suit of armour, which was of hammer'd iron for, without some defence of that kind, it would be absolutely impossible to stir out of doors, or even shew our heads out of a window for fear of being pistol'd by the passers-by: if therefore we perceive still in the world some small remains of probity or virtue, of piety or humanity; it is to HELL, 'tis to the salutary dread which that inspires, we stand indebted for it. For, as the poet says,

Oderunt peccare mali formidine poenæ.

HOR.

The fear of punishment keeps villains honest.

Nay, I will go still farther, and advance a truth, which, however incontestible, may perhaps appear wonderful, nay, even scarcely

scarcely obtain belief with some; and that is, that this fear makes a more lively impression on the hearts of men than do, for the generality, either the charms of virtue, or the immense rewards themselves promised to those who practise it. It has been said, that the dread of chastisement keeps slaves to their duty; but, we are, in this respect, an hundred times worse than slaves, mere asses, who cannot be drove onwards in the road of virtue, without perpetually being spurred up with the terrors of those infernal punishments, which we cannot escape, if we stray from it. Since HELL then is productive of so great a good, can we, without injustice, or even without ingratitude, refuse to it the praises which are due to it? Is not this praise a duty laid upon us, and which we merit punishment for any failure in?

It is related of the Emperor CHARLES V, who was no less valuable for his love of justice, than for the great number of his glorious exploits,

exploits, that one day passing by a gallows, he saluted it, by pulling off his hat; and bowing respectfully, spoke to it in these words, "All hail, O noble justice!" And this he did from a full perswasion, that the very sight would debar the wicked from the commission of their crimes. Now, if this single reason was sufficient to induce so great an emperor to treat with such respect that tool of ignominy; what veneration should we not conceive for HELL; which, besides its being the great tribunal for the exercise of God's justice upon the wicked after death, is, during life, one of the most powerful spurs for men to excite them to the practice and the love of virtue? Should we not, every time we hear its name pronounced, every time that we think on it, every time any image of it is offered to our sight, should we not, I say, after the example of that mighty emperor, take off our hats respectfully, and pay it every kind of honour possible. Let us, in this regard,

imitate

imitate those well-bred children, whom their preceptors teach to kiss the rod wherewith they have been chastised, as being the instrument of their amendment. Let us, in like manner, kiss the images of HELL, and tenderly embrace all those who tell us of it, since it is in this world the principle and source of ours.

There is no one, (except the greatest libertine) but must admire the wise establishment which the rich and celebrated city of Amsterdam has made of an house of correction, which, in their language, they call *BEETER-HUYS* (e): a house almost miraculous, and which is daily working the most surprising wonders. In short, however debauched, however wicked, however abandon'd, are the persons put into it; scarcely have they pass'd a few months in it, but they are found to throw by all their extravagances, and become almost to many cynics. Nay, wherefore should I mention those who are in it. Even

the very atmosphere of this improving edifice, spreads such an healthful odour thro' the public, that sometimes it has been found sufficient for the reclaiming of a youth just entering on the first stages of immorality, only to name it to him: a wonderful effect, we must confess; but which is nothing still, compared with that which should be wrought on us by the bare name of HELL, which is a still more perfect BETTER-HUYS: wherefore the wise man has said to us, "My son, in all that thou doest, have HELL before thine eyes, and thou shalt not sin (d)."

NOTES.

(a) Pliny and Zonarus relate, that it was three-score and ten feet in height: It was the workmanship of Charles of Lendos, and was thrown down by an earthquake. These historians say, that there were very few people able to clasp round its thumb; and that each of its fingers was larger than many whole statues. Its fall discover-

ing

ing some of its cavities, there were found many large stones in them, wherewith the skilful workman had contrived so to poise and counterballance the weight of the statue, as to render it intirely firm against all the attacks of any tempest whatsoever. As it could not be erected again, it was broke to pieces, and the metal whereof it was composed, being sent to be melted again, loaded three hundred camels.

(b) *Vota Jovi Minos-taurorum sanguine centum
Solvit, ut, egressus ratibus, curetida terram
Contigit, & spoliis decorata est regia fixis.
Creverat opprobrium generis, foedumque patebat
Matris adulterium monstri novitate biformis.
Destinat hunc Minos thalami remove e pud rem.
Dedalus, ingenio fabrae celeberrimus artis,
Ponit opus, turbatque notas, & limina flexu
Ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum,
Non secus ac liquidis Phrygius Maander in undis
Ludit, & ambiguo lapsu refluitque, fluitque,
Occurrens que sibi venturas aspicit undas ;
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum,
Incertas exercet aquas ; ita Dedalus implet
Innumeras errore vias, vixque ipse reverti
Ad imen potuit, tanta est fallacia testi.
Quo postquam geminam Tauri juvenisque figuram
Claudit, & Actæo bis passim sanguine mon-
strum, &c.*

QVID. Metam. lib. viii. ver. 152. & seq.

(c) Somewhat like our Bridewell.

(d) *Ecclesi. vii. 4.*

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

Of the astonishing wonders to be met
with in HELL.

HITHERTO only we have reached the entrance of the outside of this dreary habitation, and taken but a distant prospect of the things within it; now, therefore, let us advance a little nearer, and take a circuit thro' its inside, to see what passes there, and what is to be met with most remarkable.

At the first step we take, we shall be forced to own, that he who has created HELL, has also assembled in it such an abundance of wonders, as are not to be met with throughout the universe, and which, 'tis absolutely impossible for man to imitate. Although they have employed themselves through a long series of ages to compose all kinds of artificial file-works; nay, though, in these our days, we have

brought

brought that art to such perfection, as justly claims and gains our admiration; yet, What are all these artificial fires compared to that of HELL? Sparks, flashes, less than nothing in comparison. Boast as we will, with all the exaggerations possible, the violence and fury of the fires of Etna, Hecla, Vesuvius, and all the other burning mountains scattered throughout the surface of the globe; say what we please of fires kindled and supported in furnaces and forges: not to mention, that the violence and vivacity of their heat cannot be carried beyond a certain height, I need but ask if there has ever yet, or ever will be found, a fire to last, even for many days, without the application of fresh fuel.

You'll, doubtless, answer me, the thing's impossible; that no artificer, philosopher, or chymist, however skilful, ever has yet discovered, or ever can discover, such a secret. All this I know as well as you, and even can inform you, that an attempt to
find

find it would be fruitless. And yet this secret, which all the industry, and all the sagacity of human understanding, which even Nature, all wondrous as she is throughout her works, not only never could, but never will be able to produce, is but the very least of all those wonders which you behold as soon as you set foot within the gates of HELL. Such is that fire which has from its creation ever burnt there, and shall, to all eternity, without fresh fuel. This is amongst those wonders we never can sufficiently admire; but it is not the only one, for this miraculous fire affords us many others, which are no less amazing.

The fire we have on earth, although 'tis but a most imperfect image, a type of that in HELL, yet it destroys, dissolves, consumes, and turns to ashes whatever it exerts its active power upon. Trees, forests, houses, towns, it makes the objects of its ravage, and swallows and consumes them all. Nothing like this in the infernal fire: for

though it is a million times hotter and more furious, than all those of the world united, or even than imagination's self can paint, yet nor its heat nor fury can reach to any thing but souls; which it burns without consuming them, and which it shall still burn to all eternity: nor can they ever pass these bounds prescribed them.

Now this is a fact so true, so incontestable, that though the place the Romish church calls PURGATORY, in which they say souls stay till they have expunged the stains which they had ever borne; although, I say, this PURGATORY is separated from HELL, according to some of the writers of that communion, only by a spider's web; or, according to others, with walls of paper, which form the boundaries and roof of it, yet do the souls which are shut up in it remain in full security. They have no apprehensions that the devouring flames which are felt in their neighbourhood, will consume

fine the slender thin partition that separates
 them from it. Nor have they any fear that
 their insufferable heat should reach to them;
 in short, they are as easy on this head as if
 this slight division, which in appearance is
 most combustible, had been dipped in the
 venom of the SALAMANDER (h) which
 might have power to extinguish all the
 heat. In this particular, the infernal flames
 may be compared to those wandering lights
 which we frequently see in the summer,
 fluttering about on the land and sea, and
 which our philosophers call *IGNIS FATUI*,
 and seamen distinguish by the title of
SAINT HELMO, which frequently settle on
 the hides of animals; on the cloathes and
 bodies of travellers; on the masts, sails,
 cordage, and sides of ships: and there burn
 out without doing the least mischief (h).
 So is it with respect to the souls in *PURGA-*
TORY, which, however surrounded, and as
 it were enveloped, with the devouring
 flames of *HELL*, are not on that account

at all the hotter: another miracle, in which heaven makes her justice most conspicuous; which ought to do, and consequently does place an essential difference between the torments destined for the punishment of crimes, and those which only serve to expiate such weaknesses as are inseparable from human nature.

Another property of our terrestrial fire, is, that it carries along with it a certain light, a certain brilliancy, greater or less, according to its bulk and its vivacity. This light, this brilliancy, will even shew itself in the most trifling sparks, in the minutest particles of this element. But this is not the case with the infernal flames, how lively, how devouring soever they may be. They are a gloomy black, and dreary fire, which cast not the least light;

“Not light, but rather darkness visible.”

MILTON.

Wherefore, our sacred writings frequently

quently call HELL, THE PLACE OF DARKNESS, and LUCIFER the prince of darkness. And this remark points out to us a singularity between the blessed and the damned, which carries with it in regard to both somewhat miraculous. In short, the former in heaven, (at least as they are represented to us) are circled round with a resplendent and enlightening flame, which has been called a GLORY, but which neither burns them nor consumes them; whilst the latter, by the just reverse of this, though in the midst of flames, which are eternally devouring them, enjoy not the least glimpse of any light, as we are assured by Saint GREGORY, who saw, and who has left us on that head, many very fine visions.

Lastly, Another quality of our fire is, to give heat to all those who approach it. Whilst, on the contrary, that of HELL, even while it burns the damned, produces on them an effect directly opposite; and causes them at sometimes to experience so

intense a cold as frequently obliges them to shudder, and gnash their teeth together, like persons in the cold fit of an ague, or the inhabitants of the most frozen regions of the north. All these truths, which are indeed attested to us in the scriptures, have also been repeated by that great and celebrated African Doctor, whom the Romish church has registered amongst the number of her saints and fathers, and looks upon as one of her substantial oracles. "The Omnipotent", says he, "foreseeing what would happen, created at the beginning of the world, the fire of HELL, far different from ours, in that, being once kindled, it never shall extinguish. There is no need that men, or angels, or the devils themselves, should stir it up or add fresh wood, or any other combustible to keep it up. It burns without consuming, or casting the least light: in short, it is miraculous, and worthy of the wrath of God, who kindled it for the exercise
" and

"and satisfaction of his justice." But let us now proceed to run over all the wonders of this dwelling.

the inhabitants of the most frozen regions of the north. All these truths, which are indeed attested to by the scriptures, have

also been repeated by that great and cele-

(a) An insect of the lizard kind, whereof, not only the bite, but the very slayer is mortal. Its venom is of so cold a nature, that it differs very little in its effect from that of the aconite. From the writings of the ancients, in regard to it, it was for a long time believed, that this animal lived in fire. The occasion of this opinion has certainly been, its throwing out a liquid from its body of so cold a nature as to extinguish a fire, if not extremely violent.

(b) These meteors are nothing else but the exhalations of the earth or sea, which take fire in the night time, in consequence of some great heat or tempest.

devils themselves, should sit it up or add flesh wood, or any other combustible to keep it up. It burns without consuming, or casting the least light: in short, it is miraculous, and worthy of the exercise of our faith, who know it for the exercise

L. 4. CHAP.

and

CHAP. XV.

No possibility of getting out of HELL.

ANCIENT history has spoken very largely of that famous labyrinth in the isle of Crete, which we not long ago gave you some idea of, from the description left us, by one of the most elegant poets of antiquity. It was, as we have seen, a spacious and magnificent edifice, constructed in such a manner, that when a person once got into it, there was no kind of difficulty in the going through, and traversing every part of it. But if he wanted to get out of it, and was for that purpose desirous of re-treading his steps again, instead of being able to make his way to the door he came in at, he only wandered about more and more, deceived by the constant resemblance of the turnings, avenues, and buildings, so that it

was

in

was impossible for him ever to find again the paths that he had trod when he came in. Even so it is with the infernal habitations. Nothing is easier than to get into them. An hundred and an hundred gates, standing for ever open, are ready at all seasons to receive whoever offers. Without occasion for a guide, you may traverse it with ample freedom, unimpeded, through every nook and corner of it; but if the persons once got in should take it in their heads to be desirous, (as frequently they are) of getting out again, it proves a real labyrinth to them, from which it is impossible to escape. For, as the Prince of Latin poets says,

(a) Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade,

And HELL's black gates for ever stand display'd;

But 'tis a long unconquerable pain

To climb to these ethereal realms again.

PITT's Virgil.

In

In vain may we make all imaginary attempts for that purpose; in vain tread over all our steps again. The more we advance, the more we go astray: in vain try to mark the footsteps of those who have gone before us in this spacious dwelling. Like the road to the lion's den in the fable, we see a thousand vestiges of those who have come in, but not a single one of any person, who ever has gone back again. There shall you not meet one charitable soul to set you on your way; no mistress, no ARIADNE (b) procuring for her THESEUS, the means of getting out of this dark habitation. Nor LUCIFER the unpitying LUCIFER, though you should promise him to offer every day three hundred bulls in sacrifice (c), would lend you even the smallest of his imps to help you to get out.

In vain may it be alledged, to invalidate this truth, that HERCULES found means to escape out of this gloomy place, and even carry CERBERUS along with him; that

ÆNEAS, with the assistance of the golden bough, and led by the CUMÆAN sybil, took the same journey to pay a visit to his father. That ORPHEUS made his way to it whilst living, to go and seek his dear and fair EURIDICE (d), who was restored to him, thanks to his charm of voice, and the delightful music of his lyre; a favour which, however, his violent excess of love occasioned him to reap no profit from. To this I answer, that all the world is now-a-days convinced, that these pretended miracles are nothing but mere fables, with which the poets for two thousand years amused mankind; and which for a long time past have had no other use with us but to amuse the lads in schools and colleges.

'Tis true, that it has also been related (for at no period of the world have there been wanting tale-makers and enthusiasts) that a certain emperor (e), a very worthy man, and a certain woman, whom they
 have

have called **FALCONILLA**, although they both died in paganism, did, after having resided some time with **LUCIFER**, obtain permission to quit his kingdom at the intercession of a certain saint, and to go, as it is said, into the heavenly glory. 'Tis also true that according to the belief of the church of Rome, that not only the popes, cardinals, archbishops and bishops, but even every little priest or monk, boasts of the privilege of releasing as many souls as he pleases out of purgatory, which, as we have shewn, is the antichamber of **HELL**; an antichamber, which, by the account they give of it, must have two doors, one, through which they bring out those happy souls which they think proper to send up to heaven; and another at which they send in the new comers, who are to fill up the vacant places. But as the other sects of the christian religion do not adopt this doctrine of transmigration, but on the contrary, look on it as a fable, in-

vented

vented solely to put money into the pockets of those who urge its belief, this opinion, whether true or false, will not in any manner weaken that general law, established against all the inhabitants of HELL, and which condemn them for all eternity (f).

The only exception which has been ever made to the law was, according to the opinion of every Christian, in favour of our blessed Saviour, who, like a second DÆDALUS (g), is the only one who has ever been able to get out from this inextricable labyrinth, wherefrom he returned upon this earth, where he resided forty days longer, at the expiration of which, cleaving, like an eagle, the immense spaces of the air, he soared up, on the wings of his immortality, to that celestial habitation, which he had never quitted but to perform the mighty master-work of our salvation.

This is the only instance; and had you as many eyes as ARGUS (h) had of old, and those

those an hundred times redoubled; I defy
you to find any mortal who ever did the
same.

NOTES.

(a) ——— Facilis descensus Avernî;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

VIRG. *Æneid*. Lib. VI.

(b) A daughter of Minos, King of Crete, who,
falling in love with Theseus, gave him a club of
thread, by the means of which, he found his
way out of the labyrinth, after having slain the
Minotaur. In return, he carried off this prin-
cess, whom he afterwards abandoned in the island
of Naxos.

(c) Non, si tricenis quotqueot eunt dies,

Amice, places illacrimabilem.

Plutona Tourn.

HOR. Lib. II. Ode 14.

(d) The ancient poets have said, that he was
the son of Apollo: that the rivers had their
course; trees and rocks attained motion to go to
listen to him; and the wildest and fiercest animals
became gentle at the sound of his voice. His
grief for the losing his wife the second time, made
him grow indifferent to all women, which exaspe-
rated

rated those of Thrace where he lived; to such a rage against him, that they tore him to pieces.

(e) M. Ulpus Trajanus, one of the best princes that the Roman empire ever had. He succeeded Nerva, reigned twenty years, and died universally regreted by the whole empire. It is said that Saint Gregory the pope, who lived above four hundred and fifty years after the death of the emperor, seeing one day a statue, which represented him, alighting from on horseback, although in very great haste to depart on a military expedition, to do justice to a woman who demanded it of him, was so affected with this act of equity, that he prayed to God to release the soul of this prince out of Hell; which was granted him, but with a condition, that he should make no more such requests.

(ff) "From Hell there is no redemption."

(g) A famous architect mentioned above. After building the labyrinth of Crete, he was confined in it himself by the command of Minos; but found means to escape, by making himself wings, wherewith he rose into the air, crossed the sea, and took refuge with Cocalus, King of Sicily.

(i) Son of Acastor. The poets have given him an hundred eyes, ninety-eight of which were always open, whilst the others successively were closed in sleep. He was chosen by Juno to watch Io, whom Jupiter was in love with, and had transformed her into a cow, to preserve her from the jealousy of that goddess. Mercury stole him asleep by the sound of his pipe, and killed him by

Jupiter's command. Juno, to reward the fidelity of his spy, transformed him into a peacock, whose circular spots of gold, green and blue, spread in the tail, represented these hundred eyes.

The head of Argus, (as with stars the skies),
Was compass'd round, and were an hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep,
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, tho' behind.

GARTH'S OVID.

Centum luminibus cinct in caput Argus habebat :
Inde, suis vicibus, capiebant bina quietem ;
Cetera servabant, atque in statione manebant.
Constitit quocumque loco spectabat ad Io ;
An te oculos Io, quamvis averfus, habebat.

OVID. Metam. Lib. I.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

Of the extent of HELL.

ALL the travellers who have gone, and those who daily go to Japan, inform us, that the prisons in that country are so small, and so very narrow, that those who are put into them have scarcely room to stir. This is, doubtless, a dreadful inconvenience: but there is no such to be met with in HELL: let us, on this head, only refer to the authority of one of our most celebrated theologists, a writer so well versed in these matters, that it would be great injustice in his infernal majesty, was he not to honour him with the title of Geographer of HELL (a)^x. From the most accurate mensuration and survey that he has made of that place, its extent must be at least five English miles square.

It is not improbable, that at first view this space will appear to you much too

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small

x Draxelins

small to contain the immense number of its inhabitants; but a moment's reflection will certainly set you right, and oblige you to confess that it is not only enough, but much more than sufficient for the residence of even myriads of myriads of souls, when you shall know that a thousand of them, and more, do not fill up a thousandth part of the space which one single body does here on earth. You may perhaps, besides, have heard of, nor is it impossible that you may have seen, at Rome, those famous theatres and amphitheatres, such as that of M. SCAURUS, which, according to PLINY's account, contained fourscore thousand spectators; that of VESPASIAN, which held above an hundred thousand, with other lesser ones, as those of POMPEY and MARCELLUS, and that of FIDENÆ, whose fall was so fatal to those who came to see the games which were there represented (b). From a comparative view of the size of these edifices, and that which this

learned

learned and deep divine has given us of **HELL**, we may be able to form some kind of judgment, how many myriads of souls the latter may contain.

For my own part, when I reflect that **HELL**, since its creation, has never lost one of that innumerable multitude of its subjects, which has already gone thither; that it is still daily receiving fresh multitudes; and that it will still continue to receive such to the very period of the utter extinction of the human race (than which nothing at present seems more distant); it appears evident to me that its least extent must be full what I have mentioned above. It is true, were all those who are confined there to take up as much room as **TITYUS**, to whom **VIRGIL** has allotted a space of nine acres of ground, over which he tells us that enormous giant's body reached, in that case **HELL**, even with the space we have given it, would still be a million of times too small, and its inhabitants unable to move,

any more than the saints in heaven would be, if that place was full of nothing but St. CHRISTOPHERS. But as it is well known, that both these gigantic personages are equally fabulous, we cannot draw the least conclusion with respect to the point in hand, from any thing that we are told about them.

Let us therefore rest assured from all which has been said, that HELL is full as spacious as it ought to be; not only that its inhabitants (whose number is at every hour of the day and night increasing) may be entirely at ease therein, but also that whatever legions of new subjects may arrive, there may be still sufficient space for those who shall come after. This too is evident from our not seeing any one amongst the numbers who have taken this journey turned back for want of apartments. Nay, more, we never find any person, though on the point of quitting this world, entertain the least uneasiness on that score,

score, so fully satisfied are they all of being able to find room; which must certainly be no small advantage to those persons who are, and have all their lives been, averse to any the least degree of trouble.

least conclusion with respect to the point in hand, from any thing that we are told about them.

NOTES.

Let us therefore rest assured from all which has been said, that H. (a) Drexelius.

(b) There perished by this accident twenty thousand persons who had come from Rome and other neighbouring places: it happened by the fall of the scaffolding which not being sufficiently strong, broke down under the weight and multitude of the inhabitants.

C H A P. XVII.

H E L L extremely well peopled:
and why.

ANOTHER no less considerable advantage, and which probably contributes no less to attract that infinite number of inhabitants which are to be found there, is its air. The ancient geographers, as well as historians, imagined, and even told us, for want of experience, in their writings, that those countries which are situated in the equator, or under the EQUINOCTIAL LINE were uninhabited, and even uninhabitable. The reason they gave for it was, that those countries being continually exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, it was absolutely impossible for mankind to support such an excessive degree of heat: on which account they gave those climates the name of the Torrid or Scorch-

ing

ing Zone, and have represented them to us as desolate countries, uncultivated and uninhabited, Nature not being able, according to them, to form any productions but what the great heat of the sun would instantly consume and devour.

Such was formerly the ignorance of those good people, and such would ours, even at this time, be, had not navigation and commerce taught us, that this Torrid Zone is not only a country extremely habitable, but also very well peopled, and prodigiously fertile, as it is very easy to be proved, by the accounts we gather from such of our Europeans as are daily going thither, and many of whom are frequently found to settle in those countries, and fix there their own habitation and that of their families. It is also known, beyond all manner of contradiction, by the accounts we are continually receiving from thence, that these people enjoy there a very good state of health; that they live as long as we do in

these countries; and that they are very little troubled with sickness, which must certainly proceed from the dryness and purity of the air; for good air will give good health. Now the air of HELL being still much hotter than that of the Torrid Zone, and, consequently much dryer and purer, it necessarily follows, that the inhabitants of the former must enjoy a still better state of health than those of the latter.

Moreover, as we perceive, that here on earth the temperature of the air is not in every place alike, but differs according to the various climates, so is it also with regard to that of HELL. If there are certain places wherein it is extremely hot, and to which we may, with great propriety, give the name of the Torrid Zone, there are others again where you may breathe a much more temperate air, a circumstance which must be extremely convenient to its inhabitants: for, by this means, if they are too cold, they have nothing to do but to

go into the quarter of the Torrid Zone, where they will find heat more than sufficient. Are they too hot, let them to cool themselves, take a turn to those other parts, where, as I have said before, they sometimes feel a cold as sharp and piercing as any to be met with in the most distant parts of Iceland and Nova Zembla, or any other of the countries of our Frigid Zone.

Lastly, the most convincing proof of the goodness and purity of the air which is breathed in HELL, is the wonderful effect which it produces on the inhabitants. It is a constant observation on earth, that the countries in which the air is driest, the purest, and the most respirable, are also those whose inhabitants are the most healthful, the most robust, and live the longest. Yet, however free from sickness we may continue, however perfect the health we may enjoy, how long soever the life be bestowed on us may last, though even it sometimes stretches to an hundred years,

nay, now and then, beyond it, yet there is
 no climate so healthful, no air so pure, as
 to bestow immortality on those who live in
 it. An advantage, no doubt, truly mira-
 culous, and which is peculiar to that
 which is breathed in HELL. In short, so
 pure is this air, that all the drugs, all the
 medicines, all the nostrums or panaceas
 on earth, though they could be compound-
 ed even of the quintessence of that so in-
 estimable PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, which
 has been sought for so many ages, is still,
 and will, for many ages more be sought for,
 could produce effects, that can, in any
 degree, come near to it. Those who re-
 spire this air, are no longer subject to any
 infirmities, to any diseases, nor even to
 death itself. And whence does this pro-
 ceed? Why, from that purity and clear-
 ness in it, that dries up and consumes all
 the peccant and vicious humours, which
 here on earth occasion all those changes.

C H A P. XVIII.

Of the pleasures and amusements to
be found in HELL.

OF these there is a very great variety, in short, so great a one, that a person must be of a very capricious disposition, and extremely difficult indeed, who cannot find amusement sufficient, and that entirely to his taste, for the whole time he continues there. Are you fond of eating and of good cheer? you have nothing to do but to pay a visit to TANTALUS (a), who will take it extremely well of you, and receive a very sensible pleasure from your favouring him with your company: you will even do him a very signal piece of service, by relieving him from some part of the perplexity and embarrassment which he perpetually finds himself incumbered with.

Are

Are you thirsty? The Styx, the Cocytus, and the Phlegethon (b) present their waves to your acceptance; of which you may drink your fill. Are you fond of doing nothing (a very favourite passion with many people in the world?) Go but to THESEUS (c), who has been condemned to continue unemployed to all eternity, and he will readily resign his seat to you.

In short, if you are in love with idleness, you cannot come to any place more suited to your taste than to this kingdom, where you will absolutely find there is nothing at all to do. There no one knows what it is to till the ground, to dig ditches, or raise dams. As there are, in this country, no woods or forests, and as, besides, there is no cold, there is, consequently, no occasion for felling, lopping, or cutting down trees, to furnish firing. As the inhabitants are supported and maintained there intirely at free cost, there is, consequently, no need of sowing, plowing, har-

rowing,

rowing, reaping, or gathering in any sort of grain. As they have no want, either of gold or silver, of cloaths or furniture, of instruments or tools for labour, they consequently have no business with exploring of mines, (altho' there are many, and those extremely rich, in this country,) nor with the carrying on any kind of manufactures. As learning is no longer necessary to them, there are no schools or universities there, and consequently, the holidays last with them the whole year round, which must be infinitely agreeable to young people, who, for the most part, are naturally lazy. In short, as there is no need of any one thing in this habitation, the inhabitants, consequently, have nothing in the world to do, which is what many people above stairs look upon as the greatest felicity they can possibly enjoy.

You will, perhaps, in opposition to the truth of this assertion, than which, however nothing can be truer, bring the authority of

LUCIAN

MEGIAN (d), who has written to the contrary. I know it as well as you do; nay, so far from endeavouring to weaken the force of your argument, I shall, myself, in order to give it its full strength, quote in this place the very words, which he, on that occasion, puts into the mouth of MENIPPUS (e), who is supposed to be conversing, after his supposed return from HELL, with PHILONIDES.

“ You would laugh very heartily, says he, to his friend (f), was you but to see our high-headed gentry, who did so many glorious actions here on earth, put to their trumps how to get their bread; and constrained, for the sake of earning a bare subsistence, to take up, perhaps, the trade of a fishmonger, or, as some of them do, set up for schoolmaster, and teaching the grammar and spelling-book to a parcel of young boobies, who do nothing but make mouths at them, or kick and buffet them about like footballs.”

“balls. For my own part, (I) thought I
 “should have split my sides, at observing
 “**PHILIP**, that famous king of Macedon,
 “cobbling up a parcel of old shoes in a
 “corner; and others, no less glorious, or
 “less celebrated, such as **DARIUS** (g),
 “**XERXES** (h), and **POLYCRATES** (i),
 “standing at the corners of the streets
 “and begging half-pence.”

But who is there that, in the reading
 this, does not plainly perceive, that this
 ingenious writer, in the passage we have
 quoted, has given his sarcastic and sprightly
 humour its full career; and that what he
 says here, is no more to be considered as a
 reality than those other adventures, which
 he relates to have happened to him in Thes-
 saly, when he was transformed into an
 Ass (k).

Yet let it not be here imagined, that I
 pretend absolutely to say, there is no-
 thing at all done in HELL. So far from
 it, that I know very well there are
 persons

persons there who are perpetually labouring, because it would be the greatest punishment to them to be idle. I know, for instance, that SISYPHUS (l), for the sake of passing away the time, diverts himself with rowling a large mass of a rock up to the top of a very high mountain, in order to have the pleasure afterwards of seeing it tumble and roll again from top to bottom, a thousand times quicker than it went up. I know also, that the DANAIDES (m), for the pleasure of a little prattle and laughter amongst themselves, take diversion in drawing water out of a deep well, and then pouring it into a very large tub with the bottom out, which they know very well they never will be able to fill. But what does this signify? it is an amusement to them; and, as they cannot endure the thoughts of idleness, which is the mother of all evil, especially amongst the female sex, they chuse rather to employ themselves in a useless labour than do nothing
at

at all. At least it gives them this pleasure, that it makes them laugh like fools, and chatter like so many magpies. Now, so far are these kinds of diversions from being forbidden in HELL, that, on the contrary, they are freely allowed to all who chuse to take them. Every one to his liking.

It is also from the same passion for amusements, that each person pursues in that place those inclinations, whereby he had been swayed, or had rendered himself remarkable, here on earth. For example :

(n) Some wrestle on the sands, and some
in play,
And games heroic, pass the hours away.
These raise the song divine, and these advance

In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance :
There ORPHEUS, graceful in his long attire,
In seven divisions strikes the sounding
lyre ;

Across the chords the quivering quill he
flings,

Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings.

Here TEUCER's ancient race the prince
surveys;

The race of heroes born in happier days :

ILUS, ASSARACUS, in arms rever'd,

And Troy's great founder DARDANUS ap-
pear'd.

Before him stalk'd the tall majestic train

And pitch'd their idle launces in the plain.

Their arms and airy chariots, he beheld ;

The steeds, unharnes'd, graz'd the flowing
field :

Those pleasing cares the heroes felt, alive,

For chariots, arms and steeds, in death sur-
vive.

Some on the verdant plains were stretch'd
along ;

(Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung)

Others beneath a lawrel grove were laid,

And, joyful, feasted in the fragrant shade.

PITT.

Bence

Beside this, as music forms here below the delight of more than three parts out of four of mankind, HELL is also furnished with a great number of excellent musicians, who, in turn, entertain the inhabitants with all kinds of operas and concertos, both vocal and instrumental, executed by the very best of the Italian eunuchs, and the most celebrated voices of Rome, Naples, Venice, Paris, Vienna, and every other part of the world. There are the various pieces performed in all languages and in all kinds of tastes, for the universal satisfaction of the audience. Those who have a relish for the antique, there hear with admiration the gentle flute of MARSYAS (o); are ravished with the Thorough-bass of STENTOR (p); and expire with delight at the thrilling notes of MISURUS's (q) trumpet. In short, as the difference of tastes in music is infinitely varied, there are, in this place, to satisfy them all, an almost innumerable band of musicians of all nations and of all

countries of the world. For, altho' one might imagine that the better part of these people would have found it more suitable to their affairs to have taken the path to heaven, where we are told there will be music everlasting; yet, either thro' caprice or libertinism, they have always chosen to seek the road to the infernal dwellings, where Lord LUCIFER has constantly provided them with a place at once in his spacious Orchestra.

Another pleasure, which is no less delicious, more especially in hot countries, is that of baths and stoves. Any one who knows ever so little, must have been informed, that the Romans, in the times of their greatest luxury, and when they entered the most into a refinement on pleasures, were extremely nice in respect to this. Besides the public baths, which were numerous in their capitol, there was scarcely any person of tolerable distinction, but had stone in his house, or at his country seat.

'Tis

'Tis well known to what an height of magnificence their emperors carried their delicacy in this particular ; nay, we even still see, by the ruins that remain of them, how beautiful were the buildings which they erected for this use, and to which they gave the name of *Thermæ* (r). This sensual delicacy, which they had brought with them from the eastern countries which their conquests had overrun, is even to this day very greatly in use in those countries, where the Turks, Persians, and in general all the Indians, have made it one of the duties of their religion, which they take great care not to fail in, more perhaps through sensuality than devotion.

To say, therefore, that in so hot a country as HELL, there are no stoves or baths, would not only be to advance a thing contrary to probability, but even diametrically opposite to the belief of the church of Rome, which has most firmly established

these stoves under the name of PURGATORY (which by the way is a synonymous term for the same thing) in which the souls of persons of distinction are washed, rubbed down, stoved, purified, and purged, till they no longer retain any of those spots which they brought with them out of this world. For as a learned and elegant poet, who has wrote two thousand years, has said,

(f) Ev'n when the body is to death resign'd,
Some old inherent spots are left behind;
A sully'ing tincture of corporeal stains,
Deep in the substance of the soul remains.
Thus are her splendours dimm'd, and crust-
ed o'er,

With those dark vices that she knew before.
For this the souls a various penance pay
To purge the taint of former crimes away:
Some in the sweeping breezes are refin'd,
And hung on high to whiten in the wind;
Some

Some cleanse their stains beneath the gushing streams,

And some rise glorious from the searching flames.

Tho' all must suffer; and, those sufferings past,

The clouded minds are purify'd at last.

But when the circling seasons, as they roll,

Have cleans'd the dross long gather'd round the soul;

When the celestial fire, divinely bright,

Breaks forth, victorious, in her native light;

Then we, the chosen few, Elysium gain,

And here expatiate on the blissful plain.

PITT.

Now if the souls of good people stand in need of all this purification, to get rid of those few stains which they have contracted, how much greater necessity is there to erect baths and stoves for those of the wicked, who have far deeper spots to wash

away? Consequently there are established of them in this country of every different kind, according to the different stains they have happened to get here above.

But we have now, I think, proceeded to a sufficient extent as to the origin, situation, limits, qualities, advantages, prerogatives, and pleasures of the infernal regions. Our next business therefore is to make some enquiries with respect to its inhabitants, and enter into some kind of detail with regard to them, which we shall render neither less entertaining, nor less instructive. And this shall be the subject of the second part of this work.

NOTES.

away? Consequently there are established
 of them in this country every different

NOTES.

(a) A king of Phrygia and Paphlagonia. The poets tell us, that one day having invited Jupiter, and the rest of the gods to his table, in order to put their divinity and omniscience to a trial, he caused his son Pelops to be killed, and served up amongst the other dainties. The gods however were not deceived; but knowing of this execrable murder, Jupiter collected together the limbs of Pelops, and brought him to life. As to Tantalus, as a punishment for his abominable crime, he was condemned to Hell to be tormented with a perpetual hunger and thirst, yet always in sight, and even within reach of the greatest dainties, which however fled from him the instant he attempted to touch them.

(b) The three rivers of Hell. The two first are full of muddy, stinking, and pestilential waters; the last, instead of water, flows with torrents of fire, into which the souls of criminals are said to be plunged.

(c) He was son of Egeus king of Athens. The fabulous history of him is, that he and his friend Pirithous going down into Hell with a design to have carried away Proserpine, their plot was discovered; on which Pirithous was given to Cerberus, who tore him to pieces, and Theseus was condemned to sit still to all eternity.

Sedit, eternumque sedebit

Infelix Theseus.

VIRG. Æneid. lib. vi.
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire;
Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire. *PRR.*

(d) One of the most celebrated wits, not only of the age he lived in, but also of all antiquity. He was born at Samosatis, and lived ninety years, to the reign of Marcus Aurelius, by whom he was sent as governor into Egypt. He arrived to this exalted station entirely thro' his merit, and that wit which we see shine thro' all his writings, in which there is to be found the most judicious mixture of the useful and the entertaining, of instruction and of satire, of erudition and of eloquence. There runs thro' them an almost continual vein of raillery on the Pagan theology, and a very keen satire on the conduct of the philosophers; interspersed with many great examples of virtue, and a most hearty contempt for vice, on which he throws a degree of ridicule which renders it truly detestable.

(e) A philosopher of the sect of Cynics; by rank a slave; he however acquired so much by his industry and ingenuity as to enable him to purchase his freedom, and become a citizen of Thebes. Truly cynical in his disposition, he with great freedom laughed at all the follies of the age he lived in. For which reason Lucian, who was a man of the same character, has frequently introduced

duced him in his dialogues, and put into his mouth a great deal of very severe sarcasm on the absurdities of mankind, especially on those of the great, which are more eminently ridiculous. Minippus had composed thirteen volumes of satires, and pieces of humour, which are now all lost.

(f) See the dialogue of Lucian, entitled Necromantia.

(g) King of Persia, the first of the name; he was no less famous for his conquests than Philip, although he was not always successful; witness the celebrated battle of Marathon, in which his army, which according to some writers, consisted of 500,000 men, was totally defeated by the Athenians, who were not above ten thousand in number. The Persians lost above 200,000 men in this action, besides an infinite number of vessels. He reigned 36 years, in the first of which he put to death Orontes, governor of Sardis, who had crucified Polycrates, of which we shall speak below.

(h) Son and successor of Darius I. whose defeat at Marathon he took upon him to revenge; for which purpose he assembled the most numerous army that ever was seen on the face of the earth, consisting, according to the accounts of the best historians, to five millions of men. This formidable army, however, was defeated by the Athenians, under the command of Themistocles, as we have shewn in our account of that great man. Xerxes, however, becoming through his debaucheries, extremely contemptible to his subjects, he

fell unhappy; being killed by the captain of his guards.

(i) Tyrant of Samos. He is said to have been so fortunate, that every thing succeeded with him even beyond his wishes, insomuch, that having, one day, thrown a jewel of very great value into the sea, it was found again a few days after in the belly of a fish, which one of his cooks was preparing for his table. Notwithstanding which, his end was very unhappy, as we have above seen in note (d).

(k) This tale or romance is entitle Lucius, or Lucian's As; to distinguish it from that which Apuleius afterwards composed in imitation of it, under the title of the Golden As.

(l) First king of Corinth, and founder of that state; in which he and his descendants reigned for two hundred and fifty-nine years, till they were expelled by the Heraclidæ. The poets say of this prince, that he demanded Tyro the daughter of his brother Salmoneus, by whom he had two children, who were murdered by their mother. They also charge him with many other crimes, for the expiation of which, they have condemned him to the punishment described above.

(m) They were fifty in number, all daughters of Danaus, king of Argos. They were all married in the same day to the fifty sons of Egyptus, the brother of Danaus. These barbarous women, by the command of their father, who was afraid he should be dethroned by some one of his sons.

in-law, all of them, excepting *Hyperminesta*, sacrificed their husbands on their wedding-night. For the expiation of which crime, the poets have condemned them in hell to the punishment here related.

(n) *Pars in gramineis exercent membra palestris;
Contentent ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt Choreas, & Carmina dicunt.*

*Nec non Threïcius, longa cum veste, Sacerdos,
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno.
Hic genus antiquum Teuceri, pulcherrima Proles,
Magnanimi Heroës, nati melioribus annis:
Ilusque Assaracusque, & Trojæ Dardanus auctor.
Armâ procul Currusque virum miratur inanes.
Stant terra defixæ Hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur Equi; quæ gratia Curram
Armorum que fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere Equos; eadem se quitur tellure repostos.
Conspicit, ecce alios, dextra lævaque per herbam
Vescentes, lætumque choro Pœanâ canentes.
Inter odoratum lauri nemus.*

VIRG. *Æneid. Lib. VI.*

(o) A Phrygian, who first introduced the custom of setting to music the hymns of the gods, as he was excellent on the flute. *Cybele* attached him to her service: he followed her for a long time thro' her travels: at length came home with her

her to Nyssa, where Bacchus reigned. He presumed to dispute the prize of music with Apollo, who, on winning it, as a punishment for his temerity, caused him to be tied to a tree, and slay'd alive.

(p) A Greek, whose voice, according to Homer's account, made a louder noise than that of fifty men together.

(q) The son of Æolus, god of the winds. After the death of Hector, whose service he had been in, he entered into the retinue of Æneas when he set out for Italy. He excelled in playing on the trumpet; which made him so extremely vain, that heeven defied the tritons at that exercise; but he was punished for this rashness by a Triton, who, in revenge, dragg'd him into the sea, and drowned him.

(r) The most magnificent ones, and of which there are still some remains to be seen, were those of Titus, Paulus Æmilius, and Domitian.

(s) *Quin & supremo cum lumine vita reliquit,
Non tamen omne malum miseris, nec funditur
omnes*

*Corporeæ excedunt pestes; penitusque necesse est
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.*

Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum

Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes

Suspensæ ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto;

Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.

Quique sur s patimur manes; exinde per amplum

Mittimur Elysium, & pauci læta arva tenemus,

Donec

Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem; purumque reliquit
Æthereum sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem;
&c. VIRG. *Æneid. Lib. VI.*

Now, who will pretend to say after this, that
the belief of Purgatory is not an ancient doc-
trine?

(d) The son of Æolus, god of the winds. After
the death of Hector, whose service he had been in,
he entered into the service of Æneas when he set
out for Italy. He excelled in playing on the
trumpet; which made him to extremely vain, that
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him.

(1) The most magnificent ones, and of which
there are still some remains to be seen, were those
of Titus, Paulus Æmilius, and Domitian.

(2) Quin & supermo cum lumine vix reliquit.
Non tamen omne malum miseris, nec laudatur
omnes

Corporis excedunt pestes; penitusque necesse est
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ expiuntur inanes
Suspensæ ad ventos; aliæ sub guttice vasto;
Insectum elatitur scelus, aut exurit ignis.
Quidquid in se patitur inanes; exinde per anplum
Admiratur Elysiū, & pauci læta arva tenemus,
Donec

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THESE ARE THE REMAINS OF A
BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK, AS
WRITTEN BY JONATHAN BELL
IN THE YEAR 1704.

11 AP66

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

